Love Crime Variations Fics

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Love Crime Variations Fics

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Summary

Various ficlets and fic prompts from my tumblr.

Notes

Various ficlets and fic prompts from my tumblr.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Внутримышечно by marsitlov

Toast

Chapter Summary

> Prompt:
> *I could always do with more intoxicated Hannibal and indulgent, amused Will taking care of him.*

The jagged sounding of retching dragged Will out of his warmed numbness. A second, more pained retch shook him alert and he blinked hard, chasing the pleasant tendrils of whiskey-fog from his brain.

“Hannibal?”

He stood and crossed to the man who was currently bent double over the railing, skin pale and flecked the same shade as the seafoam churning beneath him. Will ran a cautious hand along his back, rubbing in soft, soothing circles.

“You okay?”

It was such an innocuous thing, such an odd question to ask of his present company, but Hannibal’s pitiful eyes tugged at a persistent tether anchored to Will’s ribs.

“I had forgotten how well you hold your liquour,” Hannibal mumbled, dragging a sleeve across his mouth to wipe a line of spittle away.

“I’ve had three years of drinking to forget you,” Will replied with a insouciant arch to his brow, but his tone belied no malevolence.

“Also probably not the best idea to mix that with the pain meds,” he continued. “Can I get you some water? I think I saw some bread in the cabin pantry - maybe I can make some toast?”

There was an infinitesimally small wrinkle of Hannibal’s nose at the notion of something so plain, but Will saw his eyes widen as another wave of nausea struck through him and he turned to empty the last meagre contents of his stomach into the water.

“Toast,” he said between strained breaths, “would be nice.”

Will leaned to place a kiss at the nape of Hannibal’s neck, brushing his thumb tenderly over the fine hair.

“You got it, lightweight.”

Hannibal swung out with a feeble arm at the petty insult, then promptly lost his balance.

“Whoa,” Will chuckled, reaching out to steady him. “Careful there, sailor.”

Hannibal frowned, a childish pouting thing.

“I do not care for any of these pet names you’re bestowing on me.”

“Would you prefer I called you my murder husband?”

Hannibal’s eyes lit up over the dark circles beneath, and Will backed away immediately, hands raised in warning.

“Oh. No. Nuh-uh. No chance.”

A dark smudge of a smirk crept over Hannibal’s face.

“Murder husbands,” he almost purred, “I do like that.”

“Of course you fucking do,” Will replied in resignation. “I"m going to go make your toast.”

A stray and surprisingly strong arm reached out and snared Will about the waist, dragging him close.

“Kiss me first,” Hannibal murmured into his neck.

“You’ve just puked your stomach lining into the ocean, Hannibal.” Will said, but kissed the corner of his mouth anyway. “Come downstairs, brush your teeth, I’ll take care of you.”

“Yes, dear,” Hannibal smiled, giving Will a brief pat to his bottom as he turned away.

Will shook his head, fighting at the grin that was tugging sweetly at his mouth.

“’*Dear*’ I can live with,” he called out, and climbed below deck to slice the bread.

PDA

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: *Public displays of affection! Will always feels out of place and inferior when out in public with Hannibal and would never initiate contact first because he thinks it would be unwelcome in a public setting. Hannibal sets him straight, so to speak.*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Will was five years old, he asked Luella Dawson if he could hold her hand on the playground. He had seen other kids holding hands and it looked like something nice, and Luella was pretty, with five big red freckles on the bridge of her nose. He didn't want to tug on her pigtails like some boys did, he just wanted to hold her hand and tell her he thought she was pretty.

Luella just laughed at him, loud and cruel, in front of everyone within earshot.

"Why would I want to hold hands with you, weirdo?" she giggled, and flounced away with her tiny entourage, echoes of "weirdo" tossed at him and landing like knives. He watched her walk away as fat tears began to leak from eyes. He didn't know he was a weirdo. He didn't understand why it would be so bad to hold his hand.

His prom date, Alisha something, had refused to pose for pictures or even dance with him, abandoning him the moment they entered the auditorium. He learned midway through the dance that she had only gone with 'the weirdo' because Mitchell Reynolds had been forbidden from her house; they'd already left to go neck in his pick-up. Will spent the rest of the evening on the bleachers, holding the corsage still fresh in its box.

By the time he reached college he had mostly given up, and the few dates he had ended awkwardly, long before he could contemplate showing affection.
He had hoped that his luck would change with Molly, but whenever he had tried to touch her in public, to slip an arm around her waist or tuck a stray hair behind her ear, she had ducked away from the touch with unsure eyes and twisting hands.

"Walter will see," she had always said, because of course Walter was always there with them, and Will could hardly resent that. The times they went out without Walter, Will stopped bothering to try. She let him touch her unseen, behind their bedroom door, and that was enough.

He came to the conclusion that whilst some people enjoyed public displays of affection, they clearly did not enjoy them from him, an awkward twitchy little man who steadfastly refused eye contact. He couldn't really blame them.

So when Will finds his fingers accidentally brushing against Hannibal's as they wind their way through the 9th arrondissement, he immediately pulls his hand away as though he has touched a flame.

"I'm sorry," he says, curling his hand up and keeping it close to his side.

He feels a blush beginning to pinken his cheeks, and immediately he is five years old again, staring at the ground with toes turned inward as hot tears drip large and blotchy to the pavement.

He alters his gait, paces himself so that he squeezes an extra few inches between Hannibal and himself, casting another apologetic look his way. Hannibal is regal, entirely at home in European streets, dressed in finery that becomes him in a way that Will knows will never quite fit his own less leonine disposition. He tries, though, for Hannibal. He flexes his fingers, then, the ghost of a sparked touch threading across his palm, and he wishes, for just one moment, that someone would want his five red freckles.

Hannibal's pace aligns itself back with Will's, and he reaches with one hand to take Will's splayed fingers and twine his own through.

Will looks up at him in alarm, then back at their hands. It is an entirely unfamiliar sensation, especially for a man of his age, and he fights desperately to keep the tears from pricking behind his eyes.

"What are you doing?" he says softly to Hannibal, "people will see."

"Then let them see," Hannibal replies, affably casual. He strokes the ridges of Will's knuckles with a graceful thumb, and Will feels his heart skitter within his chest like a kitten chasing string.

Emboldened by the newness of it all, Will tugs at Hannibal's hand, bringing them closer together, shoulders brushing and pacing perfectly syncopated. Hannibal smiles and draws Will's hand up, brushing his lips against it, not quite a kiss but infinitely sweeter.

"You are a prize, Will," Hannibal mouths against his skin before dropping their joined hands. "It is my privilege to be at your side."

The soft words break something hard within Will, and he stops in his tracks, his eyes stubbornly wet. Hannibal arches a questioning brow.

Fuck propriety, Will thinks, fuck Alisha something, and fuck Luella Dawson.

He kisses Hannibal for the first time right there, on a crowded Parisian street, mouths pressed together hot and messy and proud.

People murmur around them, clucking noises of displeasure - mostly for the stop in traffic than anything else - but Will doesn't care.

Hannibal's arms pull tight around him and Will moans softly, curling fingers into the lapels of his overcoat.

They part only for breath, foreheads pressed together, breathing each other's smiles.

Hannibal's eyes are earnest and warm and he brushes his nose against Will's cheek.

"What are you thinking, Will?" he whispers.

Will curves his neck and nuzzles the shell of Hannibal's ear, biting softly.

"That it's good to be a weirdo."

Chapter End Notes

This was stupidly, unabashedly fluffy, and I’m not even sorry.

Primavera

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
Will steals the original Primavera for Hannibal's birthday during their post-finale married life. He is super thankful and amazed etc etc

Will remembers the important things.

He remember Hannibal's birthday, he remembers Christmas, he remembers the anniversary of their fall. He always makes Hannibal breakfast in bed and still manages to burn the toast despite his best efforts. His presents are always unique, always thoughtful, singularly Will.

Hannibal doesn't expect him to remember this one, so he isn't disappointed when he wakes without flowers or the smell of scorched bread.

Will's sleeping form isn't curled next to him, but it's not unusual for Will to rise before him. The winding aroma of fresh coffee, dark and luxurious, greets Hannibal's nose and he smiles. At least he made coffee.

On the kitchen counter is a mug that reads Murder Husbands in garish red dripping script. Will had not been able to resist ordering two anonymously from Tattle Crime's tasteless online emporium, despite Hannibal's protestations at putting any more money in the hands of Freddie Lounds.

"You know we'll kill her eventually," Will had said, brushing Hannibal's shoulder fondly with his knuckles, "let me have a little fun."

Steam wafts fresh from the mug, and propped next to it is a small note, hand-written in simple block letters. MEET ME IN THE STUDY, it reads, with a barely legible heart at the bottom.

Taking up the coffee in hand, Hannibal crosses the oak hallway and opens the double doors to the study.

Will has his back to him, staring above the fireplace in deep thought. At the sound of the door, he turns to Hannibal and smiles broad and fond.

Behind him is Botticelli's Primavera.

"Happy Anniversary," Will says softly.

Hannibal begins to tremble. He feels full and happy tears forming ungoverned.

“You remembered,” he says, and his voice cracks with tender surprise.

“Of course,” Will replies, and crosses to him to take the mug from his hands, setting it carefully on an end table. He kisses Hannibal’s cheek, traces a tear away with his finger, kissing softly the silvering trail it leaves behind.

“If I saw you every day, forever, Hannibal,” he whispers in his ear, a hand softly threading the fine hair at his neck, “I would remember this time.”

Hannibal kisses him fierce, pure adoration and gratitude and overwhelmed joy. Will grips him just as hard, always surprised by the deep reservoir of love that pulls within him and always spellbound by it.

“Seeing you for the first time,” he says as they part for breath, “after so long.”

He ducks in for a quick, soft press of lips and looks at him with solemn devotion. “How could I forget?”

“I wish I had taken you away with me then,” Hannibal breathes, tracing the line of Will’s mouth with his thumb.

“You did,” Will bites softly, “you have,” another nip, harder and promising, “you will.”

Hannibal tucks him into his arms then, holding him and absorbing this mesmerizing man, his eyes transfixed on the painting behind him.

“How did you manage this, Will?”

Will twists in his embrace, pulling Hannibal’s arms around his middle and stroking softly against the bone of his wrist.

“A couple of exorbitant bribes, a few dead security guards, it was easier than you’d have thought.”

He drops his head against Hannibal’s shoulder and leans in to the kiss dropped against his neck.

“Happy Anniversary,” he says again.

Hannibal squeezes fondly, nuzzling into Will’s hair as another tear slides free.

“When I think I could not love you more,” he whispers against him, and shakes his head in delight.

“Happy Anniversary, caro mio.”

Will scoffs. “Don’t go all Addams Family on me.”

Hannibal’s brow knits in genuine puzzlement and he frowns against Will’s temple. “I don’t understand.”

Will laughs against him, bright, and turns to kiss his jaw.

“Never mind, Gomez,” he says, patting his arm fondly, “never mind.”

On Fleek

Chapter Summary

Prompt! Hannibal dropping weirdly modern references and Will reacting.

Hannibal drags him from the shallows as Will coughs up heaves of bile and brine. He flops heavily onto his back and props himself into his elbows, steadying the gasps that are cleaving out of him.

“I thought we died,” he chokes out, blinking away the sting from his eyes.

Hannibal’s mouth curves up and he lies beside Will, one large hand pressed to the wound on his side.

“Death cannot stop true love,” he says softly, brushing chilled lips against Will’s temple, “all it can do is delay it for a while.”

Will pinches his brow in a frown.

“Did you just… Did you just quote The Princess Bride to me?”

Hannibal shrugs. “It is a good film.”

Will laughs hoarsely and lets his weight give under his arms,resting his head on the rough sand beneath him. The moon hangs melancholy yellow above, and Hannibal drifts into his field of vision.

“May I kiss you now?” he asks quietly.

Will slips numb fingertips into the damp hair of Hannibal’s neck. Together they are both freezing and bleeding and reek with saltwater and death, but he can only think of three words that mean a damn thing at all to him right now.

“As you wish,” Will whispers, and draws Hannibal’s mouth to his.

-x-

Steam rises from the shower as Hannibal steps out, wrapping a towel around his waist. Will watches him from the hotel bed, possessed with a sudden urge to lick the droplets that are

trickling thick and obscene in rivulets down Hannibal's muscled back.

"You are delectable, you know," he calls from behind the shelter of his newspaper, his tone cheerily casual despite the busy twitching of his cock between his thighs.

Hannibal smudges out a swatch of clear glass in the bathroom mirror and examines himself, tilting his chin in jutting angles.

"One tries to remain on fleek," he replies, and Will drops his newspaper in shock.

"Tries to… what?"

He swing his legs off the bed and pads into the bathroom. He swipes a q-tip from the counter and makes a show of vigorously wiggling it in his ear to ensure he hasn't gone deaf. Hannibal quirks a brow at him and places imperious hands on his hips.

"You know I keep abreast on the latest trends, Will. I cannot include couture and music and disregard vocabulary."

Will rubs a hand in the scruff of his beard and chuckles. "I don't know what's stranger, the fact that you used 'on fleek' in a sentence or the fact that-" his cheeks turn a delightful pink and his voice pitches low, "the fact that it turned me on."

Hannibal runs a tongue across his bottom lip and drinks in the line of Will's erection against his slacks.

"Only one thing to be done, then," he murmurs, and drops his towel.

Will drops to his knees.

-x-

Hannibal slipped the end of his silk tie into the knot and tugged it, adjusting to perfection and patting down his waistcoat.

He turned to see Will lounging in their leather recliner, legs splayed over the arm, nose tucked into a copy of *100 Years of Solitude*. Hannibal sighed in fond frustration. Will's shirt was still half untucked - poorly ironed to boot - and he didn't even even have his shoes on.

"Will, are you almost ready?"

Will murmured a barely legible grunt of assent and drummed his heels against the side of the chair.

"Mm. Almost done with this chapter. Just gotta put on my shoes."

“And tuck in your shirt. And put on a tie. Dinner is in half an hour.”

Will tilted his head back in a petulant sigh, looking at Hannibal upside down.

“And I’ll be ready,” he insisted, and righted himself up, diving back into his book.

Ten minutes later, he remained unmoved.

“Will,” Hannibal said, his tone edging on scolding, “Twenty minutes.”

“Okay, okay,” Will set the book down and raised his palms in submission, “I’m getting ready.”

“Quickly, please,” Hannibal said from his perch on the edge of the bed, “I’m growing hangry.”

Will almost toppled over the shoe he was pulling on.

“Hangry?” he repeated in delight, and burst into a fit of giggles. “Hangry!” he exclaimed again, face growing red as he lost his composure into the carpet fibers.

Hannibal shook his head and folded his hands over his stomach.

“Will you ever cease finding my use of modern slang amusing, Will?”

“Never,” Will gasped out between breaths, reaching a hand to curl around Hannibal’s ankle and pulling himself up Hannibal’s knees.

“You big nerd,” he teased affectionately, resting his cheek on Hannibal’s thigh and drawing lines in the fine fabric of his suit with a free hand.

Hannibal slid fingers through his hair and tugged none-too-gently.

“Flirtation will not expedite your dressing, Will. Get your shoes on.”

The pleased smirk that tugged darkly at the corners of his mouth said otherwise, and Will leaned into the touch, sliding up Hannibal’s body so their chests pressed together.

“I think flirtation will expedite a great many things,” he purred into Hannibal’s mouth, fingers moving quickly to undo his tie.

“I could have been ready hours ago,” he said, throwing the tie over his shoulder and shifting to the buttons of his waistcoat, “you’re the one that insists on dressing for dinner every night when we’re only going downstairs.”

He brushed his lips across Hannibal’s cheek and temple.

“But if you’re that *hangry*, I have a better idea.”

Hannibal hands slipped around Will’s waist. “Oh?,” he murmured with an arch of his brow.

“It’ll improve your mood and sate your appetite,” Will said, fumbling for the buttons of his trousers, “Works like a charm every time.”

“I’m open to suggestions,” Hannibal replied, teasing a kiss against his mouth.

Will gave him a light shove and they fell back on the bed, a tangle of limbs and kisses and laughter. Shirts and waistcoats and trousers flew in soft parachutes to the floor, timeliness completely forgotten.

Dinner was delicious.

Phone Call

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
#2: things you said through your teeth
#15: things you said with too many miles between us

Will's phone lights up on the bedside table, the words "No Caller ID" flashing across the screen. He answers immediately, knowing full well who must be on the other end of the line. He is proven right before he can open his mouth.

"Hello, Will," purrs a familiar voice.

"Dr. Lecter," Will says through his teeth, "I was wondering if I would ever hear from you again."

"I like to check in on my former patients from time to time. Calibrate their mental wellbeing."

Will chokes a smile down. "I was never your patient," Will reminds him, "and I am in no need of further calibration."

He hears the hum of a chuckle and the sound spikes hairs along the back of his neck.

"Where are you?" he asks.

"Why would I tell you such a thing?"

"For the same reason you called me. To taunt me. Wherever you are now you'll have vacated long before I can send anyone after you."

Hannibal sighs sadly. "You would not send yourself?"

"After you left me to die for a second time? I don't think so."

He hears Hannibal tut at him and he bites the inside of his cheek.

"If I recall, you took me to die with you. I simply declined the offer."

Will exhales in frustration and shifts himself to sit upright in his bed.

"What do you want, Dr. Lecter?"

“There was a time when you called me Hannibal,” he says ruefully, “or should I start calling you ‘Mr. Graham’ in turn?”

The way Hannibal wraps his mouth around his surname sets a shiver up his spine and Will uncrosses his legs.

“Will is just fine, thanks,” he says tersely.

“Very well,” Hannibal replies, and Will can feel the velvet of his smile rub against him.

They play this game and variations upon it whenever Hannibal is forced to travel without him. Currently Australia, and distance has not been kind to the want that burns a conflagration within them both.

“So,” Will grits out, widening his thighs, “what the fuck do you want, Dr. Lecter?”

He hears a light tsk-ing sound, even though he knows that the occasional well-placed vulgarity only serves to turn Hannibal on and painfully so.

“Will,” Hannibal scolds, “I think, if it is possible, you have grown ruder.”

Will snorts and splays an open hand against his bare chest, stroking softly. “I’m only what you made me.”

“I did not make you,” Hannibal says, words low and sweet as molasses. “I merely speeded the natural process of your evolution. I molded you, but you decided your final shape and form. Your beauty is your own, Will,” he sighs reverently, “but it did not come without assistance. For that, I believe you should thank me.”

The comforting timbre of Hannibal’s voice tugs on a loose thread of need stitched deep in his belly, and Will feels his cock stir as the thread pulls tight. Biting his lip to stave off a moan from spilling out, he tucks the phone under his chin to adjust the sudden growing tension in his trousers.

“Is something the matter, Will?”

He can hear the cheekiness in his tone, and he knows that Hannibal could keep up this pretense for far longer than he, even though they are both saturated with need by their temporary separation.

“Nothing’s the matter,” he grits out as he frees his cock from its confines, “I just wish you were here so I could show you the extent of my gratitude.”

“What would you do if I were there, Will?”

Will smiles dark and he slides a long stroke up and down his length.

“I’d take my blade and press it to your throat,” he answers, his voice almost a growl.

“Mm,” Hannibal says thoughtfully, “Would you cut?”

A bead of pre-come slips from the slit and Will rubs it over and down the head of his cock.

“Yes,” he replies, dragging out the sibilance.

“I don’t believe you.”

Will smirks, hand slickening and beginning to pump in languid strokes.

“I didn’t say *how* I would cut.”

“Oh?”

He hears a shift on the end of the line, a rustle and whisper of displaced clothing, and the very distinct sound of skin sliding along skin. If Will didn’t know any better, he’d think Hannibal was holding the phone directly next to his cock. Another sound, wetter and filthier now, and Will begins to second guess himself.

“What are you doing?” he asks tremulously.

There is a weighted breath in the tiny space before Hannibal says, “Sucking my fingers so that I may insert them in myself and imagine they are your cock.”

Will’s hips jerk up sudden and fast and he cries out at the overload of sensation from Hannibal’s words and the delightful picture they paint. Tension breaks within him and he drops his hand to curl his face into the phone, as though by pressing hard enough he could somehow pulse through it and out onto the other side, to Hannibal’s waiting arms and mouth.

“Why do you have to be so far away?” he whimpers, voice thin and desperate with need.

“Hush, Will,” Hannibal chides, “don’t spoil our game now.”

He sighs, but the sound pulls torrid from his throat like a moan.

“Yes, Dr. Lecter,” he says, leaning hard on the consonants as his voice returns to its affected gruffness. He shifts back to palm his cock, awaiting further instruction.

“So tell me Will, how would you cut?”

“I would cut the tie loose from your neck first. Then I would slice each button from your shirt,” he murmurs, “carefully, slowly, until I’ve bared you to me.”

“Good. And then?”

“I would cut the clothes from your body in pieces, and with each piece of skin I uncover I would kiss it with the flat of my blade.”

“And your mouth?”

Will nods vigorously into the phone, a wanton grin playing across his lips.

“And my mouth.”

“Have I told you how much I adore your mouth, Will?” Hannibal breathes, his tone markedly more tender. “I could paint the lines of your lips with-”

“Hush, Dr. Lecter,” Will scolds with affectation, “you will ruin our game.”

A muffled curse buzzes through the line and Will feels the joy of triumph sing through him.

“Are you done playing then?” he teases, “or would you like me tell you about how I would run my knife along the inside of your thigh and hold it there while I sucked you deep into that mouth you adore so much?”

He hears a soft ‘oh’, and a steady wet sucking sound amplified by Hannibal’s silence. In his mind’s eye he can see Hannibal studiously fingering himself, and his cock jumps against his busy hand at the thought.

“Will,” Hannibal gasps out, both a plea and a prayer.

“My poor Dr. Lecter,” Will says fondly, “thousands of miles away without my cock to fill his ass so well.”

He lolls his head back against the headboard and fucks up into the tunnel of his hand as he curves his wrist.

“I miss being inside you,” he whispers sweetly into the phone, “I miss hearing you beg for me.”

“I beg for you now,” Hannibal says, breath coming out in hitches, “with every beat of me I beg.”

He hears Hannibal’s fingers working quicker against his ass, forcing little grunts out of himself as he pants into the phone.

“Are you close?” Will asks.

“Yes,” Hannibal hisses, “and you?”

Will grips himself tighter, pre-come dripping copious and wet against his seeking hand.

“Mm,” he replies, back arching as he presses into himself.

“Imagine me,” Hannibal instructs, “imagine my heat pressed tight and hot around you.”

Will chuckles as he gasps stuttering into the phone. “Like I’m not already.”

He rubs a thumb against the slit, biting so hard into his lip he’s sure he’ll leave a welt.

“And you?” he asks, “what are you imagining?”

“You,” Hannibal says simply, “always you.”

He hears Hannibal groan low and deep and feels a growl curl against his throat in turn.

“I’m imagining you, coming deep within me, filling me. Completely. Do it. Do it now, Will.”

“Oh god, Hannibal!” Will comes with a strangled yell, spilling hot and messy over his fingers, bursting in wet stripes against his chest. He hears Hannibal’s mirrored moan, the slick pumping of his fingers stilling as he works his release. He sees Hannibal coming, next to him, around him, and Will’s hips rise high, his body pulling taut as a bowstring before going slack, tumbling to earth against the bedsheets.

They both pant wetly against their phones, fingers reaching out in identical seeking patterns, looking to twine with each other despite thousands of miles of distance.

“When are you coming home?” Will asks softly, his voice half-broken with need and longing to have his other near him again.

“Soon, love,” Hannibal says, words as tender as the caress he pictures himself pressing into Will’s cheek. Halfway across the globe, Will leans into the touch, shifting his hand to place it atop the ghost of his lover’s. He feels kisses pressed to the bridge of his nose, his cheeks, then, so gently, his mouth, and he keens into the imagined touch.

“I’ll be waiting,” Will says, curving a hand around the nape of a neck that isn’t there.

Hannibal rocks his head back against the invisible hand, pliant and blissful.

“I love you,” he whispers into Will’s faraway skin.

“I know,” Will replies to the shadows.

Hannibal smiles in the darkness.

“One day you will say the words.”

“One day,” Will smiles in turn, “but only when you’re here to hear them.”

Fear

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
#18: things you said when you were scared
#20: things you said I wasn't meant to hear

"I am frightened."

The voice echoes, hushed and warped, from somewhere above Will's head. His eyes blink slowly open and he adjusts to the dim light and empty space next to him.

"What does one do," the voice says, "when everything you have wished for has been presented to you?"

Will scans the room for the source of the sound, disentangling himself from the sheets to stand. He balances up on his toes atop the mattress, craning his head.

"Yes, I do. Deeply. More than I thought myself capable."

There is a pause, a weighted sigh.

"I don't know. What we created together, he called it beautiful. To me, that is love."

Will traces his fingers against the vent that carries the words to him and closes his eyes.

"Why?" Genuine fear is palpable in Hannibal's thin and tired voice. "I have given him myself in entirety. My soul is in his hands now, should he wish to rend it in two I would have no choice but to accept the sundering."

He feels, rather than hears Hannibal press fingers to his temple, rubbing to worry away a stress he had never imagined himself carrying.

"I trust your counsel. What should I do?"

Will holds his breath. Whoever Hannibal is seeking advice from could very well tell him to kill Will as much as kiss him. He folds his knees under him and sits quietly on the bed, slight hairs prickling goosebumps along his neck.

"Very well. This I can accomplish." He hears Hannibal shift and stand, exhaling his worries to the ocean.

"Thank you, Murasaki."

A soft click as Hannibal closes the burner phone, then a louder snap as he renders it void and tosses it into the ocean.

Will arranges himself back under the covers in an approximation of sleepiness, evening out his breath as Hannibal descends below deck and enters their room.

“You are not asleep,” Hannibal remarks.

Will shifts and lets the sheets slip below his collarbone, hoping a glimpse of flesh might grant him mercy.

“No,” he admits.

Hannibal regards him in silence, his dark eyes unreadable.

“How much did you hear?”

Will pulls himself up, drawing his knees up under his arms and resting his chin on them.

“Enough. Who were you talking to?”

Hannibal sits carefully on the furthest edge of the bed. “My Aunt.”

He traces the edge of the pristine duvet cover. “We speak infrequently, but I value her guidance when I need it.”

Will tilts his head against the crook of his elbow.

“And how did she guide you?”

Hannibal raises his head to meet Will’s eyes. Will draws in a little breath at what he sees within him. Naked, childish terror, uncertainty and -

“Love,” Hannibal says. “She told me to love you.”

Will lets a little smile escape the bow of his mouth.

“Thought you already did.”

He slips a hand from around his knees and gently pats the bed next to him. Hannibal moves silently and shyly to lay next to him. They turn on their sides, breathing in the unknown silence.

“I fear you, Will Graham,” Hannibal whispers, curling a knuckle to trace it against the healing scar on his cheek.

Will hooks a thumb into the hand at his face, encircling it within his own.

“I fear many things,” Will says, “but I no longer fear you.”

He bends to brush a kiss over Hannibal’s palm.

“Your Aunt gives good advice,” he murmurs against his skin.

“Oh?” Hannibal says quietly.

They shuffle their bodies closer together, Will pulling Hannibal’s head down to rest on his chest as he feels strong arms slip around him.

“Mmhm,” Will replies.

“I can’t say that I love you,” he mumbles into the crown of Hannibal’s head, and feels an unhappy tension wind through him.

“But not because I don’t,” he corrects, slipping fingers gently through Hannibal’s hair, “Because it’s not enough.”

He holds Hannibal tight against his heart, feels it jump in rhythm at their closeness.

“Listen to what this says,” Will says gently, “do you hear?”

Hannibal inhales and exhales quietly in the dark, Will feels his eyes drift close.
“Yes,” says a voice below and within him, “I do.”

A kiss pressed to the very center of him ends the exchange, and they lay together, rocking in tandem with the ocean beneath them.

Spacedogs: First Kiss

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
#14: things you said after you kissed me (Spacedogs)

“What the fuck d'you do that for, then?”

Blush paints across Adam’s pale cheeks as he pulls away from the kiss.

“Because I wanted to,” he says matter-of-factly, but he sucks a lip between his teeth worriedly.

“I thought you wanted to,” he adds, and sits back on his heels.

Nigel props himself up further on the couch.

“Well of course I fucking wanted to, but-”

He draws up a knee between them, clenching fingers that itch for a smoke around his calf.

“You’re not queer, darling.”

He chucks Adam under the chin lightly.

“But I appreciate the gesture.”

Adam frowns, a deep pinched line between his brows.

“You like women too,” he says.

“I like both,” Nigel replies, “I like anything warm and nice and kind…. especially you, my water sprite,” his voice trails off and he ducks a head against his knee.

“Why can’t I like both?” Adam reasons, and scoots closer to Nigel to hook a chin over his shoulder.

Nigel keeps his head turned away, though he feels warmth crawling and spilling up his spine at the nearness of this delicate creature that has somehow snared his every waking thought.

“Look, sprite,” he murmurs quietly, “when people say ‘I could kiss you’, it’s an expression, not a request.”

Adam mouths a tiny kiss over Nigel’s collarbone.

“I know that.”

He keeps his lips pressed against the older man.

“I also know that you meant it.”

Nigel exhales heavy, his lungs too light without nicotine to weigh them down.

“I’m older than you, you know. I’ve seen shit you wouldn’t want to visit in your worst fucking nightmares.”

He lifts his head finally, shrugging his shoulder slightly to shake the boy free.

“You’re a fucking angel, Adam. You shouldn’t be kissing bad men like me.”

“But I want to kiss you,” Adam says plainly, and his eyes are honest, open, earnest. Nigel’s heart breaks and reforms around the innocent gaze.

“Your eyes are so fucking blue. My little water sprite,” he murmurs, raising a hand to trace a thumb along the ridge of a reddened cheek.

“You want to kiss me again,” Adam observes.

Nigel shakes his head to try and dislodge the cobwebs of want that plague him with guilt.

“Of course I fucking do. That doesn’t make it fucking right.”

Adam cocks his head. “But if you’re not a good man - like you said - then you don’t care what’s right.”

He darts in, liquid quick, to line his mouth up with Nigel’s.

“I still think you’re a good man,” he says against him, “but I would like to kiss you anyway.”

Nigel moans helplessly as Adam whispers ‘please’ in that sweet, tiny voice of his, and sinks the hand on Adam’s cheek into his hair. He tugs roughly as he crushes the boy’s mouth to his.

A pleased little sound echoes from Adam’s throat, and he wraps lithe arms around Nigel’s neck. They sink down into the couch cushions, Nigel fisting a handful of his hair and yanking back to suckle at his throat. The high whimper that follows comes, to Nigel’s shock, from his own mouth.

“Fucking Christ,” Nigel gasps, “this is such a bad fucking idea.”

Adam arches against him, nipping a kiss before tracing delicate fingers down Nigel’s chest, a contented sigh shared between them.

“I don’t see how it can be,” he almost purrs, “when it feels very good.”

“God,” Nigel breathes, “so fucking good.”

He kisses Adam again, drinking in the sweetness of his little water sprite, and curses whoever dares try and come between them.

Tristhad: Snow

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
14. Things you said after you kissed me for Tristhad please?

He aims a shove squarely into the older man's chest.

"Don't do that again."

Tristan laughs from his belly, barely stirred off his feet.

"Or what, little soldier?"

Galahad frowns, but it comes out as a pout, a sweet curve that matches the turn of his curls.

"I hate it when you call me that."

"Yes," Tristan says, "but you don't hate it when I do this."

He steps in again, mouth brushing against the hair that licks Galahad's forehead.

"But I won't do it again," he whispers to Galahad's temple, "unless you ask me."

Light fingers brush in a ghost of a touch against the ends of Galahad's tunic, sweeping in teasing flicks against his thigh. Tristan feels Galahad shudder against him, but he stiffens his spine and knocks the older knight's hand away.

"Stop it," he mutters, and Galahad feels his lips still burning with the remnant of the rough kiss that had been pressed against him.

Tristan raises large hands in mock submission, a knowing grin dancing about his mouth.

"As you command, little soldier," he says, and turns to leave the clearing.

Galahad watches him, the way his broad shoulders shift with surprising grace, the way his hair hangs messy and softly kisses his shoulders. He wonders how long he has watched Tristan in this way, if he always has. He wonders what stubbornness will truly accomplish, in the end, when they are as like to die as not before they grow old.

"Wait," he says, and Tristan stops but does not turn.

They stand together in the snow, flecks of white drifting and waltzing around them in lazy circles. Galahad breathes and watches the white fog pass his lips, wishes Tristan was a few feet closer to taste it.

He imagines striding to the older man and crushing his mouth against him, wonders how Tristan's rough tongue would feel slipping along his own. He wonders if those broad, terrible hands would leave bruises when they clutch at him.

He decides he doesn't want to wonder anymore.

"Tristan," he whispers, his voice a slight fragment in the cold, "turn around."

He does so, slowly. His eyes burn like coals despite the frost around them.

Tristan looks at him like he is a precious thing and Galahad feels an unwanted blush heat his cheeks. The older man cocks his head in question but does not speak a word.

"Kiss me," Galahad breathes, but it is he who moves, he who takes bounding steps towards Tristan as he is caught up and held in his arms. His feet lift from the ground and he gasps laughing into Tristan's mouth despite himself.

They drown each other in hot, furious kisses that melt with the snow into soft languid things, slow brushes of noses to cheeks and little hands tangling in wild straggly hair.

"You madden me," Galahad says into Tristan's growling mouth, "have you always done so?"

Tristan bites at each of his lips in turn, squeezing warmth around the younger man's waist.

"Yes," he says hotly against his skin, "and I shall until I die."

Snow falls in silence around them, a little less cold now, but they pay the chill no mind. They take heat from each other instead, smiling secrets as they embrace and vow under watchful stars.

Things Unsaid

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
#17: things you said that I wish you hadn't
#20: things you said I wasn't meant to hear

"No. No, no, no, no, no!"

Will claps his hands over his ears as his denial spills monosyllabic and stubborn.

"You don't get to say that."

He stares blearily at Hannibal, ever so slurred by the high-grade pain relievers currently coursing through his bloodstream.

"I don' want you to say that."

His anger is genuine, but the softness afforded by the drugged haze about him causes Hannibal to love him all the more. He smooths a sliver of a wrinkle in the bedsheet and contemplates the threads under his fingers, studiously avoiding eye contact with the man under the covers until his tantrum works its way to an end.

Will shoves at him heavy with a knee and Hannibal stands, brushing away invisible filaments as he rises.

"What did you expect me to say, Will?" Hannibal says in that unbearable placid tone that roots out one of Will's more petulant grimaces.

"I expected us to die," Will says mournfully.

"Yes," Hannibal acknowledges, still tamping down his own bitterness, "you expected. But did you want?"

Will looks up at him, his gaze passing slightly through. "Did I want…?"

"Did you want us to die? When you pulled us both into your oblivion? Or did you only wish to put an end to the rapture inside you that appalls you even now?"

He knows the barrage of questions are unfair, but Hannibal has rarely let fairness affect the proceedings of their conversations. Especially after being so spuriously rejected despite

knowing, painfully and irrevocably, that Will Graham most certainly and terribly loves him too.

Will, for his part, is silenced by Hannibal's rapid-fire interrogation, mostly because he knows the answers as well as they both do. He blinks heavy, swallowing the knot in his throat and forcing aside the tears that have sprung from the weight of inevitability that surrounds him like a noose.

"Can I have a glass of water?" he asks meekly.

Hannibal nods once succinctly and leaves the room, and Will alone with his mind.

It's hard to feel the right side of his face, his shoulder is numb down to his elbow and halfway across his chest. He finds himself praying that perhaps the numbness will continue to spread to his heart, but instead he finds that every beat stabs him through with pain. The knowledge that his heart has stubbornly persisted despite his greatest attempt to destroy the body that cages it only further proves to him that this future ahead of him is a certainty. That he belongs with Hannibal, always has, and he is no longer capable of staving off the rising tide.

Soon Hannibal's love will wash over him completely and he will be powerless but to let it envelop him, buoy him and enrich him, until they are both one writhing creature of darkness and joy.

But he can't, yet.

He can't hear Hannibal say how much he loves him without feeling the bile rise in his throat, without seeing Molly's broken face and a great ocean of blood surrounding them all.

He can't tell Hannibal how deeply he loves him without wanting to tear his own tongue out, and even still his heart begs with every lancing beat to let itself open.

He tastes the words on his tongue, unvoiced, and while they feel strange they do not feel foreign. It is as though he has unlocked the key to a language he has always spoken, and though rusty and uncertain, he knows without a doubt that the words are true.

"I love you," he says, to himself, to no-one, certainly not to Hannibal. He says it so softly that he can barely make out more than the idea of the sound, but he hears it ring inside clear as a bell.

On the other side of the door Hannibal stands, a glass of fresh water in his hand that silently gains an extra drop as the quiet confession slips through. He presses a genteel palm to his eye and refuses the rest of his tears.

This is enough, he thinks, *for now*, and enters the room.

Spacedogs: Under the Stars

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
Spacedogs
#6: things you said under the stars and in the grass
#12: things you said when you thought I was asleep

Adam is curled on his side, soft whispers of breath puffing out with the lightest clouds of condensation.

Nigel resists the urge to stroke his sleeping face. Adam is a notoriously light sleeper, and Nigel wouldn't for the world disturb the angelic pout that graces his features as he dreams.

He hopes Adam dreams of him.

He lays his head back against the grass, feeling it bunch and tickle at his face, brushing the barest hint of dew at his neck. They've been out so late naming constellations that morning is fast approaching, but the sky is still clinging to the last of its inky indigo. The last of the stars are winking out one by one, but Nigel doesn't mind. Not now that he can say goodbye to each of them by name.

He rolls to one side to better gaze at his clever sprite. He is so beautiful.

Nigel loves him madly.

His chest fills to a waterlogged heaviness with the need to speak it, to tell Adam how he consumes his every waking moment without even trying, but words are sometimes harder for him to wield than weapons. For Adam, he wants to say it exactly right, so his darling will know what he means without feeling lost. Nigel often wishes he were a better anchor.

He knows Adam doesn't love him back, he knows he couldn't possibly, with his nicotine-stained fingers and his filthy fucking mouth. What he does know is that Adam finds an elusive calmness when Nigel is near, that the fold of his arms about him or a hand set to his brow can steer him safe to shore from panic. He knows that Adam trusts him to make his macaroni and cheese, and in a way isn't that better than love?

Adam frowns slightly and mutters a sleepy noise, a fussy sound that squeezes air from Nigel's lungs. He feels a drop of wet fall across his cheek and wonders when he became so sentimental.

"I fucking love you, sprite," he says, for himself. Just to know that he can say the words. It's a quiet admission, but it warms his bones to know that an old dog like him can still feel these

things and find joy in them. One day he'll say the words, or words like them that Adam will understand. Not tonight, under departing stars, when everything is already so perfect. Nigel has many vices, but gluttony is not one.

Adam's hand curls into a little fist then loosens, and he shifts under the thick blanket Nigel has tucked him under. He murmurs a contented sound and digs his bony shoulders further into the cocoon. Nigel reaches over and lightly folds the blanket around the creases of his body, sheltering him as much as he can.

Another drop slides from his neck and under his shirt, then another at his palm, and Nigel realizes his sentimentality has only stretched so far. Rain begins to patter soft into the grass, leaving darker damp spots in the blanket. Adam scrunches his nose up and blinks, making a displeased grumble and trying to burrow further under.

"Sprite," Nigel says, a warm palm pressed to his back, "Adam, darling, it's fucking raining." He gives him the tiniest of shakes. "It's time to go home."

Adam curls tighter into himself and whimpers thin and reedy. Nigel sighs heavy and bends to his knees, scooping his sprite into his arms and pulling him protectively against his chest. Used to such luxuries, Adam loops wiry arms around him and nuzzles his neck, lips vibrating softly at his throat with a hum.

"You're so kind to me, Nigel," he murmurs, voice raspy and sweet with sleep.

"Couldn't be anything fucking but, darling," Nigel replies, a tender kiss brushed to Adam's dampening hair.

He holds him tight and starts the short trek home, walking briskly but careful not to jostle too much. Adam weighs next to nothing, but the comfort of his body pressed flush to his sends a happy thrill that sinks low in Nigel's belly.

"It's almost morning, sprite," he whispers in his ear, "do you know what that means?"

"Mmm, coffee?" Adam says.

Nigel barks a gruff laugh. "Yeah, fucking coffee. And-"

"And morning sex," Adam offers, his voice brightening.

Nigel almost stumbles, but doesn't, his footing as sure as it ever is with Adam as a compass. He feels the small kisses dotting against his neck and jaw as soft as kitten paws and shifts his hold to bring them a fraction closer together. His reward is a little nip to his ear and he congratulates himself for not coming in his pants then and there.

"You're a fucking minx, little sprite," he says approvingly, taking the steps to their apartment two at a time. When they hit the door, Adam raises his head to beg a kiss and Nigel fucking obliges. He sucks at Adam's pale throat as the boy twists to wind limbs around him, soft arms and thighs squeezing at his hips and shoulders. He balances a hand against Adam's pert bottom and fists into his pocket for his keys, almost ready to knock the door off its hinges.

They make it inside and to the bed with little property damage, Nigel tossing him to the mattress with a grin that is immediately thrown back at him. Adam opens arms wide and entreating and Nigel dives, a mess of growls and kisses and stubble.

Adam wraps both hands at the front of Nigel's shirt and pulls tight, bunching the fabric and pulling taut so he can force the older man's face away from his. Nigel draws back, panting, eyes shining with love and promise.

Adam sees it there as clearly as he had heard it whispered to him in the grass not minutes earlier.

He smiles, small and shy and cups Nigel's face in both hands.

"I love you, too," he says plainly, like it is a fact from one of his science books.

Nigel is forced to steady himself on a shaking elbow as his breath leaves him entirely.

"You fucking - you - Adam -"

He wonders if a hole has suddenly opened in the ceiling, but they both know it isn't the rain streaking wetness down his cheeks. Adam's eyes widen in alarm, and Nigel shushes him in an instant, spreading calm like a blanket.

"No, sprite, hush, you didn't do anything fucking wrong."

He takes Adam's hand and holds it to his face so he can feel for himself.

"Good tears, sprite. Good fucking tears."

"Oh," Adam says in wonder, fingers tracing Nigel's damp cheekbones.

Their mouths meet in a soft adoring kiss, joining sweet and joyful. Nigel breaks it with a smile and buries his face into Adam's neck, loving him with such a force that he trembles with it.

"I love you so fucking much," he gasps against him, and Adam pulls lithe limbs tight around him, small hands tracing comfort over and over.

"I know," Adam replies, "you said so under the stars."

Kiss Alts

Chapter Summary

In response to the following tumblr post.

"You can kiss me," Will says quietly.

Hannibal does not look at him as he secures the fresh bandage, he has barely looked at him once since their brutal tumble and subsequent survival.

At first, Will thought it was anger, but after watching Hannibal's hands shake every time he redresses his wounds, hearing the soft little breaths every time there is the slightest accidental graze of skin, he realizes it is far from anger.

The great and fearsome Hannibal Lecter is nervous.

It was more shocking to him when he discovered the man ate people.

Shyness fits him well, it adds a lovely glow to the sharpness of his features, brings his beauty into starker relief. On more than one occasion, Will has caught himself being stared at, and it is not the wolfish devouring gaze he has been accustomed to. Now, Hannibal looks at him as though he is precious and holy, an idol that he is unworthy to be in the presence of.

Initially it had been charming and somewhat helpful as Will broached the thorny conundrum of his sexuality. It kept them at arm's distance while Will decided if his desires to touch Hannibal were fleeting with the rage of the kill, or a new weightier permanence tied to the man himself.

He knows, after watching and being watched, that it is the latter. He had hoped that time and proximity would ease Hannibal's vulnerability, coax him into more confident touches, but he remains tentative and uncertain.

It brings them here, now, to a quiet bedroom and healing scars, inches apart with a gulf remaining.

Close it, Will thinks, and repeats the words again.

Hannibal appears to have forgotten his own breath. He blinks once, twice, and when he *finally* looks at Will, his eyes are lost and wet.

"Will, I-" he shakes his head and looks away, standing to pack his medical kit.

Will wraps a hand around his wrist and stands with him.

Eyes and hands as steady as Hannibal's are not, Will guides trembling fingertips to his mouth and gently kisses each in turn. He draws Hannibal's hand to cup his undamaged cheek, holds it there, pressing with his own palm.

When he removes his own hand, Hannibal moves to do the same, but Will catches it.

Still, he seeks permission.

Taking both of Hannibal's hands now, he sets them to his shoulders, holds. Then further down to his waist, holding still again. A little lower, to his hips, and Will steps in to break the distance between them, tucking his head under Hannibal's chin.

He releases the shaking hands under his own and slips arms around Hannibal's waist, squeezing with gentle insistence. After several aching moments of stillness, he finally feels a light pressure in return.

He stays in the embrace, breathing even and smooth whilst Hannibal's heart pitches wildly under his ear.

When he looks up he is unsurprised to see tears. He catches Hannibal's face between his hands and strokes the wetness away with his thumbs. His eyes close, wholly undone by the overwhelming nearness, and Will sighs a laugh against him.

Holding him still, Will pushes to his toes and kisses him, a brief little thing. It is enough to draw a sweet whimper from Hannibal, a delicate broken noise that somehow knits together all the sorrow they have ever felt and draws it into something lovely, ephemeral and new.

"May I kiss you again?" Will asks, and Hannibal's hands splay out spasmodically before clutching back at his hips, cinching him just that tiny bit closer.

"Yes," Hannibal breathes, his words barely felt in the chill winter air.

Will presses their lips together again, soft and warm, slowly melting away the fear with each kiss. Hannibal molds to him, shyness stripping away as his hands still their trembling, parting his lips under Will's and deepening, filling, joining.

It is so beautiful it hurts, cracking his chest open and raw. He sobs into Will's mouth, but the pain that tugs at his heart finds itself healed with every beat of Will's against him.

He loves him so completely, and every fragile kiss proclaims it deafeningly.

"I know," Will whispers in return.

He pulls one of Hannibal's hands free, holding it firm to his chest, and the steady thrumming into his palm tells him everything yet unsaid.

"No"

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
Hannibal and the constant fear of losing Will and how he'd do anything for his darling boy. I leave the rest to you, I just want to drown in an ocean of feels

At first it almost seemed like a game.

Make me some coffee.

My shoulder is stiff.

I'm hungry.

Nothing was ever a demand, nor was it a question. Will would state his needs, however small or tedious, and Hannibal would satisfy them. It had seemed endearing at first, to watch him fuss over him with tender scrutiny, and Will decided to lightly toe the edges of the boundaries, just to see.

The coffee is too cold.

Now my feet hurt.

This isn't what I was hungry for.

As his needs began to inflate, Hannibal's caretaking began to take on heightened tones of its own, and Will began to see it for what it was. Anxiety was a difficult thing to read on the imposing frame of Hannibal Lecter, but every time Will voiced his displeasure he could see it take hold of him and shake through to his bones.

He wanted to ask why, why are you just *doing*, why don't you bite back? It began to seem degrading almost, but the bitter root of Will's anger had not been completely pulled free by their fall. And so he pushed.

He threw a mug to the ground and let it shatter.

He kicked Hannibal between the ribs when his hands grew tired.

He spat in his food and left it to grow cold.

Each time, Hannibal apologized and picked up the pieces. Said he would do better next time.

Will felt sick, and yet he was unable to stop.

Hannibal became a living nerve, constantly on alert to please and comfort and satisfy. Every time Will told him he failed, he watched his pallor drain to white, watched his features crack and break. The word ‘sorry’ began to feel like a festering wound.

They shared a bed, but no touch, and one evening after drinking enough whiskey to knock out his guilt, Will rested his head on Hannibal’s chest. He felt empty, but he let Hannibal cling to him as he shivered and cried. He couldn’t make out many words between the convulsions, but there were four that were distinctly clear. They haunted him for days after.

Please don’t leave me.

Will began to wonder why he didn’t leave when all he seemed capable of doing was driving Hannibal to madness. He wondered at what point Hannibal would break, hoped that perhaps he would. And yet with every further cruelty he found only apologies pressed to him in return.

This wasn’t the life I chose, he thought, and found himself immediately chastised.

This was the life you created.

After months of the same, after watching Hannibal grow thin and tired from his exhaustive care, Will found himself settle into the dreadful certainty that the man he had once found himself in love with had been successfully eradicated by his own hand. In his stead was a weeping, begging mess who bore no resemblance to the terrifying monster that had sunk claws into his heart.

He decided to grant him mercy.

“Hannibal,” he said calmly one evening, “do you love me?”

“Yes,” Hannibal breathed without a moment’s pause, “beyond anything.”

“Good,” Will replied.

He stood silently, moving snakelike to the marble kitchen countertop where Hannibal was chopping vegetables. He pressed against his back, sliding his arms atop Hannibal’s and stroking feathering touches over the exposed skin. Will felt him shudder, but he knew it was less from want and more from fear. He slid his hand further, further still until he was caressing the dull edge of the knife in Hannibal’s hand.

“You would do anything for me?” he asked gently.

“Of course.” Hannibal’s entire body nodded in assent.

Will turned the knife away from the counter and pointed it upwards.

“Put this in your heart,” he whispered, and stepped away.

Hannibal did not move, but Will could see him tremble, could still feel the wild skitter of his pulse under his fingertips.

The knife shook in his hand.

“Well?” Will said, his tone devoid of love, of hate, of anything besides boredom.

Hannibal turned slowly, one foot heavy after the other, the knife curved up and pointed towards his chest. He was breathing fast, eyes near black and – for once – unreadable.

They stared at each other, breathing in and out as time slowed to stopping around them.

Hannibal watched. Will waited.

Then, infinitely slowly, Hannibal turned the knife away from his heart and dropped it to the floor with a piercing clatter.

“No,” he said.

It was Will’s turn to weep.

The tears shook through him like a storm, his knees giving way to gravity before he could think otherwise, and he collapsed to the tile in a mess of regret and shame.

Hannibal watched him, standing above him with eyes that strained to be impassive, but wetness crept from them all the same.

He did not move to comfort Will, did not bend to touch him, he simply watched the sobs bleed out of him until all that was left was a dry and cracked heaving.

When Will had quieted, Hannibal reached out a hand. It was demand, not a question.

“Get up,” Hannibal said, and Will obeyed.

They embraced in stillness and quiet, words useless between them. Will kissed the silvering trails from Hannibal’s cheeks, Hannibal stroked the fever from his brow.

They tended wounds that went below the stitches, a medicine of soft touches and love-warmed hands.

Neither apologized. Neither would.

But the next day, when Will – out of sheer habit – asked for coffee with his breakfast, Hannibal looked at him with an arched brow and pointed to the coffeemaker.

“Get it yourself,” he said.

Hannibal smiled, mouth curving just so, and Will fell in love a hundred times over again.

Safety First

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
Hannibal and Will go on a run and Will almost get killed, thankssss!

Never in his wildest dreams could Will have ever predicted that he would see Hannibal wearing reflective running gear.

Yet here he stands.

Since Will insists on going for his runs in the evening, Hannibal insists on his safety. Will, however, has not lost his streak of stubbornness, nor his reticence to be controlled by Hannibal in even the most tangential of ways. When presented with the bright orange vest, he immediately and adamantly refuses to wear it.

So Hannibal wears it for him.

With a headband. And matching wristbands.

He looks, in a word, fucking ridiculous. Two words, to be precise, but when Will gasps them out between laughs they form together as one.

“Fuckinridiculous,” he chokes, and Hannibal’s mouth sets in a firm line.

“Exercise does not require sartorial excellence, Will. It requires clothing that best suits the activity.”

Hannibal cannot expect to be taken seriously with a glowing orange headband tight around his forehead, he simply can’t.

Will braces his hands on his knees and wheezes the last of his chuckles out.

“C'mon pumpkin,” he says with a snort, “let’s go.”

They keep excellent pace together, although the wound to Hannibal’s gut - now healed - does pull tight from time and he finds himself lagging a little this evening.

He watches Will round a sharp corner of the small country lane. It is for seconds only that Will leaves his field of vision, but seconds are all it takes from him to hear the screech of brakes and a blared horn.

The sound that follows, mercifully, is an angry string of yelled curses, rather than the crunch of splintered bone.

He sprints round the corner to see Will smacking his hand against the hood of the van that had almost hit him. He is almost spitting in his fury.

“—your fucking lights on! What are you thinking you sonofa–”

The man is holding his hands up in contrition and stuttering out rapid-fire apologies in Greek.

“Will,” Hannibal says, gentle but forceful, “are you alright?”

He rests a hand at the small of his back, feels the muscles begin to relax as Will siphons the calm from him.

“Yeah,” Will grits out, “asshole didn’t see me cos he DIDN’T HAVE HIS LIGHTS ON!”

He smacks the hood again forcefully and the man near jumps out of his seat.

Hannibal looks over Will’s shoulder and motions with his hand, translating politely and filtering out the curses. The man’s eyes widen and he immediately reaches down to flick his lights on.

“Lypámai! Sorry!” the man exclaims repeatedly, and Hannibal nods in a gesture of forgiveness. He pulls Will back gently and motions with his hand for the driver to move along. As he screeches away, Hannibal notes his license number.

The man may be sorry, but anyone who comes within a mile of hurting Will Graham can count their remaining days on this earth with one hand.

Will turns to Hannibal, mouth open to let out another volley of complaint, but Hannibal silences him effectively with a crushing kiss. He pulls Will flush to him, pressing and clutching and desperate. Will’s arms flail out uselessly in the brief moment of surprise before he pulls back, clutching at Hannibal by the front of his stupid, stupid vest.

He realizes then how deeply he must love Hannibal, to allow himself to be kissed soundly and in public by a man wearing reflective headgear.

“Perhaps now you will consider the vest,” Hannibal says into his lips as they part.

Will sighs, petulant and begrudging. “I’ll at least wear the wristbands,” he concedes, “but get me a different colour. I’m not wearing matching fucking workout gear with you.”

Hannibal smiles, lips pressed to his temple. “I will settle for colour-coordinated.”

Will laughs into Hannibal’s throat, nips a brief kiss to it.

“Fine. You get that guy’s license plate?”

“Of course.”

“Good.” Will grins wolfishly and Hannibal’s heart soars. “I’m thinking souvlaki.”

When This Old Tired Body Wants To Sing

Chapter Summary

5 Minute Writing Challenge
Rules:
Write for five minutes only
No re-reading
No editing

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will never touches him unless it is in the dark.

When he cannot see Hannibal, his hands rove everywhere, filling and curling shadows where he imagines skin should be.

In the daylight he is a ghost.

Hannibal longs for the night, for the slipping caress of blind fingers, of a mouth that can only worship when it is invisible.

He begins to sleep during the day, just to avoid the empty gaze that burns holes in him.

He imagines those eyes upon him when the room is silent, save the wind in the trees outside. He almost believes he can feel them alight him with flame.

It is a dance, a writhing thing, a collection of gasps and sighs and sweat and tears.

At first the tears were only Hannibal's.

But night after torturous night bleeds together, and he feels the wetness on his face, between his thighs.

"I wish I could see you," Will weeps.

"I could-"

Hannibal reaches for a light but the grip upon him bruises.

"*No*."

He lies back in the dark and lets Will cry his reverence, an ocean of longing and denial beating merciless waves against him.

Maybe he will never see. But his body will feel everything his eyes cannot.

It is enough.

It will never be enough.

Chapter End Notes

I listened to this song as I wrote this (so yes, sorry, I actually wrote for 5 minutes and 22 seconds).

Tristhad: Isabelle

Chapter Summary

Prompt:*Tristan finds an abandoned baby hawk and gets Galahad to pet him raise it (but really wants to be Hawk bros with Galahad and to kiss his stupid face)*

Chapter Notes

Written for my darling murderwife, pastalava. (I must confess I know very little about hawk behaviour so this may be wildly inaccurate but I flagrantly disobey the laws of nature in order to bring forth fluff) <3

“What on earth is that?”

Galahad frowns at the little bundle caught up in Tristan’s arms. Fierce but curious eyes, comically oversized claws, tiny wings still dappled with white tufts of down. It peeps at him with a noble attempt at an angry squawk, but Tristan is having none of it. He shushes the thing gently and it blinks at him with round black eyes, chirping again softer, with contrition.

“*She*,” Tristan declares, “is a hawk.”

“That…. thing is not a hawk.”

“She will be. I found her alone in the woods. Her family has either died or abandoned her, poor girl.” He looks at Galahad with pride. “We are going to take care of her.”

“We?” Galahad’s brows shoot upwards. “Why am I indebted to that creature?”

“Because,” Tristan says patiently, having rehearsed this several times on his journey back to camp, “she is too hurt to be left unattended and your tent is nearest to mine.”

He doesn’t mention how he had maneuvered their close quarters himself, he is quite proud he accomplished that without raising any eyebrows save the ones currently set upon him.

“We are brothers-in-arms, little soldier,” he says with a hint of authority that does not belong to him, “it would do you good to help one of your brothers.”

“I’m not your brother,” Galahad replies, fixing his eyes on Tristan, though his meaning loses itself in translation.

Tristan’s shoulders slump a little. He misses the wide blue eyes that fix on him as he turns away, the frustration Galahad feels at not being seen. He sighs, quiet enough that the older man can’t hear.

“What is her name?” Galahad asks gently.

Tristan looks back over his shoulder, and his smile is little and soft. It doesn’t suit him in the slightest and Galahad’s heart races for the strangeness of it.

“Isabelle.”

Galahad attempts what he hopes is a brotherly laugh. “And which of the wenches in which of the godforsaken taverns we have passed through is she named for?”

“None.” Tristan shakes his head solemnly. “She is named for my mother.”

The apology comes to him in the form of a bashful smile, and two bewitching blue eyes that pierce Tristan to the bone. Tristan feels his chest tighten near to bursting. Terrible, tempting

little soldier.

“Isabelle.” Galahad rolls the name over his tongue and of course it sounds like a song. “It’s very beautiful.”

“Yes,” Tristan’s gaze does not waver even as his little soldier turns his attentions to the bird, “very beautiful indeed.”

-x-

Tristan is the first to notice the strawberry-haired barmaid with the winsome hazel eyes. She in turn has only noticed Galahad, and is aiming all of her curves and smiles in his direction. Galahad is busy stealing glances out the window to make sure Isabelle is staying on the perch they left her on.

Of course she is. She never disobeys them. She may have them wrapped around her claw, but not once in seven months has she failed to follow a command. As she has grown healthy and strong, so has the bond between the two men. They bicker as much as before, but the teasing twines with an easy affection that neither have yet drawn up the courage to put a name to.

Tristan sidles up to Galahad, slinging an arm about his shoulders and casting a look out the window. Isabelle tilts her head and blinks back at them.

“She will stay,” Tristan assures him, “she always stays.”

Galahad leans his head back on the older knight’s arm.

“I know,” he says softly. He turns his gaze and sees Tristan looking at him with an odd expression he can’t quite place. They look at each other for a moment, wary, questioning, breath held in tandem, and for a moment they almost see… something, but then Tristan begins to uncurl his arm and Galahad tucks away another dashed hope.

A laugh dances across the room, clearly aimed from the mouth of the barmaid. Her eyes are fixed again on Galahad and her mouth curves up in clear invitation.

Tristan chuckles and elbows Galahad in the ribs, his stomach turning even as he does. He has no wish to see him bed her, but part of him has to know if his little soldier would even try. Galahad, for his part, accepts the little shove and huffs in annoyance.

“Do you think I have not noticed her?”

“Well,” Tristan elbows him harder, “what are you waiting for?”

Galahad shoots him a weary look that Tristan cannot quite decipher. His eyes carry a bitter humour but his mouth is set in a disappointed frown.

“You really are an idiot, Tristan,” he says, and leaves the tavern without so much as a backward glance. Isabelle squawks from her perch he passes beneath her.

“Tell him yourself,” Galahad mutters, and marches on.

He hears the heavy thud of running footsteps, hears his name being called out in the dark, but he pays neither any mind and trudges onward, stopping only when a large hand catches him by the shoulder and turns him roughly around.

Galahad opens his mouth to protest, but Tristan silences him with a shove.

“Rude,” another shove, “arrogant little soldier.”

He locks his hand at the back of Galahad’s neck, eyes spitting fire and smoke.

“You may call me many things, *boy*,” Tristan growls, “but I am not an idiot.”

Galahad fixes their gaze and laughs hollow. “And I am not a boy. And you would dare call me an arrogant soldier when I fight every battle *by your side* – when I have saved your life more than once? You *are* an idiot.”

He pulls himself free of Tristan’s grasp and sends a shove back at him in return.

“I don’t know why I waste my mind on you,” he snaps, and his body fills with a fury as he feels tears begin to line his eyes. He’ll be damned if he lets them be seen.

But it’s too late, they spill free, and in the instant that their eyes meet, Tristan sees everything.

Galahad doesn’t look back as he storms away, doesn’t watch the pieces slowly stitch together, doesn’t see the silly grin beginning to form over Tristan’s beautifully battle-worn face.

All this time, and he – what fools they both are.

“Brother!” Tristan calls out after him, and Galahad stops in his tracks, the lines of his body suddenly fusing together in wounded anger.

“I am *not* your *brother*!” he grits out through his teeth. He moves to take another step, to run away from the embarrassment that drags sticky-hot through him, but then – then there is a hand on his shoulder, and it is gentle, far gentler than before. It’s so different, but somehow familiar, and the sensation takes a little air from his lungs.

“Of course you’re not,” rumbles the voice behind him. The hand squeezes slightly, hesitant, but a persistent comfort all the same.

“But I *am* an idiot,” Tristan says fondly, “and so are you.”

Galahad stiffens as the hand shifts and curves to trace the line of his neck. Rough knuckles move in a gentle caress over his skin and he leans into the touch before he can give himself permission.

“Tristan,” he says weakly, “what are you-”

“Why do you think I set my camp so close to yours?”

Long fingers tease with the ends of his dark curls and slowly sink into his hair.

“Why do you think I made you care for Isabelle with me, hmm? I could have easily done it without you. Silly boy.”

He says the word with genuine affection, a new kind of teasing that sparks a thrill low in the younger man’s belly. Tristan’s hand is cupping the side of his jaw now, thumb softly stroking his cheek. Another hand sets at his waist and pulls him close, easing tension, easing doubt. Galahad lets himself fall against his broad chest, utterly pliant.

“Of course you are not my brother.” Lips now, just barely breathing over his collarbone. “You never have been.”

Galahad could step away now, he’s fairly confident. This could all be product of too much drink, or worse, a cruel joke. He could break free of this spell and trudge back to his tent and in the light of day they could both pretend this almost-something was some strange dream. But then *that hand* wanders over his stomach and across his chest and pulls him tighter, and *that mouth* is pressing a warm kiss to his throat, and all Galahad can do now is moan helplessly and pray that this is real.

“Galahad,” he hears Tristan say, “look at me.”

His heart thuds hard and heavy, echoing to the heavens with each beat. He turns in Tristan’s arms, a hundred questions on his lips, but they are all kissed out of him before he can speak a word.

Stars flare open above them. They unspool their longings fast and frenzied, each touch a new confession. Galahad’s mouth opens under Tristan’s urgent insistence and he moans low in his throat as their tongues meet and tangle. Fingers clutch and splay and clutch again to near bruising, and every brush of skin sparks twin flames between them.

Galahad has never been kissed like this before, it overwhelms him so deeply his knees start to buckle, but Tristan catches him, he catches him because of course he does.

He always does.

They part, begrudgingly, for breath, and Galahad moves his shaking hands to hold Tristan’s face, fingers tracing over every line he already knows by heart. He laughs a little despite himself.

“How did I not,” another laugh spills out bright, “how did I not see?”

Their smiles bloom as one as Tristan bends to rest his forehead against him. Galahad’s arms twine around his neck and they breathe each other in.

“You saw,” Tristan replies, “and I saw.” He cinches his arms tighter around his little soldier’s waist. “But we did not see together.”

Galahad laughs and pushes himself to his toes, brushing his nose against his love’s. They meet for another kiss, sweet and soft, and a piercing cry echoes from overhead.

Isabelle swoops down, circling them both before she lands between them, a claw balanced on each shoulder. She inclines her head, looks at them each in turn, and chirps approval.

“You really think you couldn’t have done this without me?” Galahad arches a playful eyebrow and Tristan hums a laugh against his temple.

“Little soldier,” he whispers, quiet and loving, “there is nothing I can do without you.”

Arachnophobia

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
I'm watching Buffy and Drusilla just called Spike her "Darling, deadly boy" and now I have a need for a Murder Husbands scenario where Hannibal calls Will that.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Jesus fucking Christ!”

Hannibal immediately and violently pulls himself from his slumber, hackles raised at the potential threat. The covers to his right are in disarray and Will is on his feet, hair mussed wild and eyes wilder still.

In his hand, he holds a slipper.

“Will, what is-”

“Shhsshshh!” Will flaps his hand urgently, “it can hear us.”

There are many benefits to laying low in French Guiana. Pleasant, sultry temperatures, lazy afternoons with homemade sangria, a gorgeous bungalow tucked away by the sea… and a Goliath bird-eating spider that has somehow wandered in off their terrace and made its way to the foot of their bed.

“Strange,” Hannibal notes, “they normally dwell in the rainforest.”

“I don’t care where it normally dwells,” Will hisses, “it needs to not fucking dwell here.”

The spider looks up at them, or at least Will thinks it does. It’s huge, hairy, ugly as sin, and it clearly wants to kill them both.

Will whimpers, high and pitiful. Hannibal tumbles in love all over again.

“I thought you weren’t afraid of spiders, Will.”

“I’m not,” he says obstinately, “that’s not a fucking spider.”

He gesticulates in sharp, pointed jabs, careful not to rile the creature atop the bedcovers. “That is a goddamn mutant.”

Hannibal looks at Will, then the spider, unsure of which is more irrationally frightened of the other. It is a charming spectacle, one he could draw out a little longer if he chose, but Will's fear is always less palatable when he isn't the one stoking it.

"Would you like me to help dispose of the creature?" he asks gently.

Will glances at him from the corner of his eye, his mouth twitching almost imperceptibly.

"I can handle this, Hannibal."

He swings his arm back with the slipper, and with the sudden movement the spider skitters off the bed, dropping to the floor in an eight-legged panic.

Will Graham, slaughterer of the Great Red Dragon, creator of murder tableaus that put the Chesapeake Ripper to shame, screams.

The spider is scuttling around in obvious fright, searching for a dark corner to hide in. With a wild yell, Will lunges, smacking the slipper down and completely missing. Hannibal smirks.

"My darling, deadly boy," he murmurs fondly, still comfortably reclined.

"Shut up," Will grits through his teeth, "and fucking help me."

Hannibal slides out of bed effortlessly and silently. He stalks towards the trembling spider on bended knees and slowly, carefully, picks it up in his hand. Will squeaks.

"You know, the Goliath birdeater is often consumed as part of the local cuisine. Supposedly it has a shrimp-like flavour."

Will makes a noise that sounds suspiciously like he might vomit.

"I'm not eating that," he says resolutely, "and I've eaten people."

"Very well," Hannibal says, a little mournfully. He rises to his feet in a smooth motion and passes Will in the bedroom doorway, barely resisting the urge to hold the spider up to his face just to see what might happen.

He takes it through the open terrace door and sets it to the ground. For a moment, the spider doesn't move. They look at each other, two predators acknowledging a mutual respect.

"Thank you for the diversion," Hannibal says, and the spider trundles off into the dark.

He treads softly back to the bedroom. Will has situated himself with the covers pulled up to his chest, and he sits with wide-eyed alert.

"Is it gone?" he asks hesitantly.

Hannibal smiles, “Yes, love, I sent it on its way. In future, please be careful to close the patio doors after the dogs.”

Will scowls. “Do not make this my fucking fault, Hannibal.”

He smiles and drops a kiss to Will’s shoulder. “I wouldn’t dare.”

Chapter End Notes

Believe it or not, the anonymous prompter identified themselves on tumblr with the following comment:
"*Oh my gosh, so I’m the anon who sent this (I was shy okay) and even though you said it’s probably not what I imagined I totally loved it.*

I actually have a lot of pet tarantulas and I happen to own one of the bird eater types *(though not the Goliath, it’s a Salmon Pink Bird Eater).*

Thank you for the wonderful little fic!"

GREATEST. THING. EVER.

Hannibun

Chapter Summary

> Prompt:
> *As good as Hannibun is, I just want to see Will sarcastically offering to braid his hair, Hannibal sincerely accepting theoffer, Will feeling weird but getting into it as he brushes Hannibal's hair, and Hannibal feeling like he's going to melt off at any moment.*

“You’re not going to cut it, are you?”

At first it had just been a vague shagginess. Will had chalked it up to both being on the run and attempting to look somewhat incognito. No one would suspect Hannibal Lecter to be in possession of less than perfectly coiffed hair.

So he had watched as ends began to trail into his nape, fringe falling loosely to his forehead. It had been endearing, watching him slightly fray from his usual tidiness.

But it has been seven months now, and his hair has grown long enough that it now falls to his shoulders.

At least Will thinks it does. Hannibal insists on pulling it up into a messy bun most days, streaked with silver and bronze, little slips of wispiness sticking out at the sides.

“Does it bother you, Will?”

He wishes it did. In fact, it does. Just… not the way he’d expected it do.

“No,” Will says, scratching his face to rub away the blush, “I just never expected I’d be braiding Hannibal Lecter’s hair.”

Hannibal’s brows arch in gentle surprise. “Is that something you’d like to do?”

Will’s mouth falls open and stays there for a moment before flapping rather uselessly as he searches for a somewhat intelligent response.

“No,” he blusters, “that was a… that was a joke. I’m not braiding your hair.”

Hannibal has already tugged the band holding it loose free, and his hair falls messy to, as Will had suspected, brush past his shoulders. It is ever so slightly wavy, surprisingly shiny, and it shouldn’t suit him, it really shouldn’t.

But it does.

“I would appreciate it if you did, Will. Or at least help me brush it. It’s growing tiresome to manage.”

Will swallows once and reaches out, just barely, to trace the tips of hair that are curled from being tied up all day.

“I – okay.”

Hannibal leaves the sitting room for a moment, Will alone with his confusion and a half-drunk tumbler of whiskey. When Hannibal returns with an unsurprisingly ornate wooden hairbrush, the whiskey is gone. He situates himself on the floor between Will’s legs, nudging gently at his knees with his shoulders to wedge himself firm and comfortable.

He passes the brush over his shoulder, a trace of smugness fading from his lips before Will can properly register it.

“I don’t really know how to-”

It’s a lie, and he knows it. Hannibal knows it too. They spent half a session once discussing how Will had wasted an entire semester learning how to braid flowers into his college girlfriend’s hair, only to be summarily dismissed come Christmas because she thought his skills were ‘too gay’.

If only Jessica Clayburn could see him now.

He begins to brush in slow strokes, watching the fine strands part under the bristles and rejoin. He lifts a hand to hold the ends of Hannibal’s hair as he runs the brush through, steadily digging a little deeper into his scalp on each stroke and pulling firm but gentle.

The fourth time he slips the brush through, Hannibal moans.

It is deep and rich, an altogether lovely sound, and it suffuses Will with a heat he’s been trying desperately to tamp down. He could stop brushing now, he could, or at least close his knees together to push Hannibal away from the warmth gathering between his legs.

He does neither.

He continues to brush, steady and hypnotic, watching Hannibal’s head loll back and catching it in his palm. He begins to stroke reassuring circles at the nape of his neck, lets his fingers splay a little to feel the hair sift through his fingers.

Hannibal’s head is almost completely backwards into his lap, eyes closed, lips parted.

He could lean forward now, drop the brush, follow his mouth where it wants to lead him.

He almost does.

Hannibal moans again, a little louder, and Will lets his gaze drift down to see the obvious tenting of his trousers.

He blinks hard, exhales shakily, and keeps brushing.

When the hair runs silky and fine between his fingers, he gives Hannibal's head a little nudge and tips him forward. Hannibal uses the opportunity of touch to brace a completely unnecessary hand against Will's calf. He squeezes and Will bites down on his lip, hard.

Carefully, he sections the hair into three segments and begins to wrap them slowly over each other. Hannibal's hand moves from squeezing to slowly stroking, and Will almost drops the braid altogether as his hands start to tremble. He tugs at one section a little too hard, sharp, just to see.

Hannibal makes a little noise, a low and needy thing from the back of his throat.

Will tugs again. Hannibal digs his fingers and hisses, altogether pleased. He makes the sound again.

"Alright," Will says, and is shocked by how strangled his voice sounds. He clears his throat.

"Alright," he says again, "you win."

He holds the ends of the braid loose in his hand, and Hannibal tilts his head over his shoulder, giving him what can only be described as a very sultry gaze.

"Whatever do you mean, Will?"

"Shut up and give me a damn hair tie so I can finish this and kiss you."

The words come out in such a rush that he's not even sure he's said them, but then Hannibal turns in his lap and rises to his knees. The braid comes free from his fingers and starts to undo itself and Will makes a protesting noise, but it cuts short in his throat when Hannibal takes Will's hands and guides them to either side of his face, coaxing his fingers to sink into his hair.

Will could slide his hands in and grasp tight, could pull Hannibal to him and kiss the breath out of him until he begs for mercy. He could.

He does.

Hours later, after they have explored every inch of skin, after Will has come at least twice and possibly more, after Hannibal has discovered he really *really* likes having his hair pulled, they lay in sated silence, as twined as the forgotten braid.

Hannibal's lips are tracing patterns into the space over Will's heart.

"No," he murmurs contentedly, "I'm not going to cut it."

Good Boy

Chapter Summary

> Prompt:
> *I'd love to see your take on this: Will and Hannibal are caught. Jack confronts Will, and Will is totally unapologetic and proud for his husband.*

“Oh, my God.”

If the loud burst of the door being kicked in hadn’t gotten their attention, the appalled voice of Jack Crawford certainly did.

However, Hannibal wasn’t done, and Will was nothing if not a courteous husband.

“Hold on Jack, we’re almost finished.”

He returned his attention to the task at hand, and within ten seconds Hannibal was clutching at Will open-mouthed before dropping to the sheets in a boneless heap.

Jack gaped, unable to move.

“Hello, Jack,” Hannibal slurred, attempting to smile in triumph. He looked instead rather like a sleepy kitten.

Will pulled the covers over them both for the sake of what was left of propriety. He winked and gave a saucy salute.

Jack looked as though he’d been punched in the teeth.

“Will…” his voice was flat, echoing from a place inside him that grabbed at the edges of denial. “I knew that you and he were - were - but you - you’re -”

Will grinned wide and it was terrifying. “I believe the term you’re looking for is Murder Husbands.”

Jack blinked and then dropped heavy to the floor, weighed down like a stone.

“Does the fact that I’m fucking him bother you more than the fact that we’ve left a trail of bodies throughout Eastern Europe?” Will frowned and tutted lightly. “That’s rather homophobic, Jack.”

The gun in Jack's hand slipped uselessly from frozen fingers.

"I thought…" he whispered, voice a bare rasp, "I thought I was saving you."

Will laughed, a vicious bark of a thing.

"Don't you see?" He reached out a hand and stroked it through Hannibal's hair, who automatically bent to the touch, curving against him like an obedient pet. "*He* saved me."

Hannibal pressed a kiss to Will's palm and Will let his fingertips brush over his cheek.

"Good boy," he said. Hannibal looked as though he might come again right then and there.

Jack continued to stare into the middle distance, wishing suddenly for blindness.

Will stood from the bed, tugged his briefs on, and crossed to crouch in front of Jack's numb face.

"The way I see it, Jack, you have two options."

Hannibal rose behind him, alert and feral.

"You clearly saw this as some sort of knight on a white horse mission, otherwise the cavalry would be here by now. So you're alone."

Silent feed padded behind him and Will reached his hand back to clasp Hannibal's ankle, lightly stroking the bone.

"I have no desire to kill you." Hannibal growled in warning. Will chuckled. "Okay, some. A lot, actually. But."

He leaned forward, balancing on his knees, fingers pressed together in steepled contemplation.

"I'd prefer to send a message instead."

Jack's mouth opened once, then closed. All the air he'd had left to breathe was gone.

Will rose to his feet, silent and liquid as a shadow. Hannibal's hands slid around his waist and he hummed low in his throat.

Jack averted his eyes, but he still heard them kiss. He wished for deafness then, too.

"Tell them that I'm proud. Proud of my becoming, proud of my work, and proud of my husband for bending to my will."

He heard twin dark laughs and the sound of lips catching on each other.

“Pun intended,” Will murmured. His words echoed against Hannibal’s mouth.

Jack’s hands were shaking. His face was suddenly wet. Perhaps it had been this whole time.

“Oh, you can go now,” Will said, with the tone of a predator too bored to even play with his food.

Jack looked back at him. In his hand, Will held a knife. He’d seen that knife before.

“*Now.”*

He crawled to his feet and looked at them both for a mournful moment. He stared into Will’s eyes and tried, pleaded, but beyond impassive blue there was… nothing.

That wasn’t true. There was everything. Triumph, rage, delight, power.

Love.

Will slid a hand over the arm tucked about his waist. Light glinted sharply off the knife.

“Goodbye, Jack,” he said, but there was no emotion in his parting. It was a command. Jack obeyed.

They watched him leave, tense with quiet. When Hannibal could no longer smell him he sighed lightly and felt Will sag against him.

“Did you mean what you said?”

Will exhaled harshly, the last threads of fight uncoiling from his chest.

“Every word.”

He turned and twisted arms around Hannibal’s shoulders. “What would you have done if he’d brought back-up?”

Hannibal kissed his neck, his collarbone, his jaw. “Defended this until my last breath.”

Will smiled into the curve of his throat.

“Good boy.”

Cupuaçu Flan

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
What if Will had a food allergy and only found out until he had some weird dish Hannibal made?

"And for dessert, Cupuaçu Flan."

Hannibal slides the dish in front of Will, plated as elegantly as all things that come from his kitchen, a fresh cut bloom of yellow ixora resting delicately atop.

Will's mouth waters.

"This looks delicious," he says, sliding his dessert spoon into the custard. It sinks in easy and soft, almost sinfully so. Hannibal sits across from him looking remarkably pleased.

They tuck small spoonfuls into their mouths together, and Will lets out a tremulous moan as the warm flavours spill silky over his tongue. It is rich yet light, almost like chocolate, and it floats like water through his mouth.

He smiles around his spoon and lets his tongue linger as he sucks the last of the custard from it.

"Beautiful," Will says, and Hannibal smiles kindly back at him, his gaze lingering.

"Yes," he replies, and Will feels his face heat and his throat close up.

He looks away and coughs, distancing himself from the pressing thickness of the moment.

Except.

The pressing thickness isn't in the air around them, it's in his tongue, and his throat, which has not opened itself back up. And his face is still flushed, but not with the blush of arousal. Something is wrong.

Hannibal senses it too.

"Will," he says, a question and a demand all at once. He is on his feet and across the table, tilting his head back. Will sputters a little and claws at Hannibal's arm.

"Can't… breathe," he gasps, but Hannibal has already left his side.

For a fleeting moment he wonders if this has all been Hannibal's grand plan, to lure him into a life of blood-soaked murder and then suddenly off him with some rare toxin in the middle of South America. There would be something oddly poetic about it.

But the look in Hannibal's eyes before he fled the room was pure fear, keyed-up adrenaline and a need to fix, to save.

Will finds himself casting his mind back to the dozens of other times Hannibal has looked at him tenderly from across the dinner table - or across a corpse - all the times he has shut that part of himself down harshly, an alarm door slamming shut and locking fast.

What if this is how he dies, accepting all the baser, truer parts of himself but this? The one that was always easily within his reach.

Cold fear suffuses him and he gulps for air, fingers splayed out and seeking the touch of the one person he consistently refuses it to.

As though he had always been there, Hannibal is knelt beside him, something sharp is stabbing into his thigh and a stern voice commands him.

"Breathe, Will."

Rough hands are on his face, dark eyes searching his, begging, frightened.

Will breathes.

Great shuddering heaves of air run through him, his lungs a great set of bellows that push and pull until the flow is steady, all the while Hannibal's fingers run over his cheeks, his hair.

As his breathing returns to normal and the tightness leaves his throat, he looks at Hannibal. His eyes are wild and damp. He looks both young and ancient.

"So, I think I'm allergic to… that," Will laughs, gesturing with a shaky hand at the forgotten flan.

He looks down at his thigh, where Hannibal's hand still rests gingerly. He pulls his fingers back in a flash, eyes downcast. Will resists the urge to pull his hand back, but he feels strangely empty without the touch.

"Where did you get an Epi-Pen?"

Hannibal puffs up his chest.

"I am still a Doctor, even if the medical board no longer thinks so. It would be prudent to keep a well stocked first aid kit for… emergencies such as these."

There's something that he's hiding, a flicker of embarrassment that ghosts across his cheeks.

Will nudges him with a foot.

“And?”

Hannibal frowns, just a little, but a tiny smile crinkles at his mouth.

“How well you know me, Will,” he sighs. “I may be allergic to nuts.”

Despite himself, Will bursts out laughing. “You… you have a nut allergy? The great and fearful Chesapeake Ripper could have been taken down any time if we’d only thought to bring some *Planter’s*?” He shakes his head in disbelief. “Jesus Christ.”

Hannibal chuckles a little, but he smoothes the cheer from his brow and rests a light hand to Will’s cheek.

“You are alright, then?”

There’s a moment, a little one, between breaths, where Will could do what he has always done and pull away. It’s comfortable, it’s what they’re used to. No one would be surprised, and Hannibal’s become very good at hiding the hurt.

Or he could lean. Let Hannibal touch him. Let himself feel it.

Will decides he likes that idea better.

Hannibal inhales sharply at the reciprocated touch, his pupils blow wide and his mouth parts just ever so slightly. He swallows thickly and asks again.

“You’re alright, Will?”

“Yeah,” Will assures, letting Hannibal feel and accept the weight of him. He lets himself be held and doesn’t fear the falling.

It feels nice.

Hannibal stares at him, questions he’s afraid to ask racing just behind his lips.

“Kiss me.” Will says it so quietly it could almost be ignored, but it isn’t.

He feels Hannibal’s pulse quicken through his fingertips, but he doesn’t move.

“Hannibal,” he whispers, “please just fucking k-”

Then Hannibal’s mouth is upon his, violent, desperate, and loving. Hands are sliding through his hair, cupping his neck, drinking him in like an elixir.

It is beautiful and terribly, awfully, perfect. Will isn’t remotely surprised. For the second time that day, he loses the ability to breathe.

This time he is glad.

Green-Eyed Monster

Chapter Summary

> Prompt:
> *Hey! Can you dream a scene of jealous!Hanni for me? *pretty please?* I'd prefer it to be while Hannibal is in prison and Will is playing family, or post-s3 (when Hanni has no real reason for his jealousy as Will has only eyes for him, but Hannibal is still so possessive of his husband).*

Without a doubt, she is beautiful.

Statuesque, with flawless pale skin that presents itself in lithe creamy shoulders peeking softly from the curves of her dress. Chocolate-dark eyes, a luscious full mouth, and auburn hair that holds itself in a perfect chignon, delicate strands tumbling free just so.

In her elegantly boned hand, she holds a half-empty glass of champagne. In her eyes, she holds mischief and secrets.

In her ear, she holds Will Graham.

Hannibal wants to kill her very, very much.

Five years ago, more perhaps, he would have bedded her instantly for the sheer sport of it. Now, he finds her entire being distasteful and repugnant, his feelings amplified by the hand that has tucked itself into the curve of Will's suit sleeve.

He is whispering something to her, her mouth is twitching slightly, and her hand is tightening around his bicep. Hannibal finds a million pieces within himself crack and splinter, filaments spiraling into dust.

She must be destroyed.

Will's eyes flicker up to meet his, once, a quick flash of fire, then he returns to his murmurations, a wicked smile curling around his mouth.

Hannibal clenches the stem of the glass within his hand hard enough to almost snap. He drains his drink and sets it down on the nearest roving tray with an echoing clack.

He had thought, when they had first noticed her in the lobby, that she had been setting her attentions upon Hannibal himself. A slight curve of her lips and a delicate arch of her brow had seemed to declare an interest, but all interest seems to have dissipated in the wake of the blue-eyed temptation that has his nose practically tucked into the curve of her throat. She

leans against him, just slightly, and her eyes meet Hannibal's across the room. Her expression is near-unreadable, but Hannibal knows sin when he smells it.

Will whispers a final word, fingers tracing her elbow, and moves away from her with sinuous grace. His eyes alight on Hannibal's again and he walks towards him with a peacocking strut, filthy grin dancing on his mouth.

Hannibal needs another drink.

"Having fun?" he asks, thin-lipped and suddenly weary.

Will nods and takes his place by his side.

"Oh, yes," he says, "very much."

"Mmm." Hannibal resists the urge to walk over and snap her neck immediately.

"And what is her name?"

He feels the vibration of Will's laugh. "How should I know?"

Will turns to look up at him, eyes narrowed dangerously. "Does it matter?"

Hannibal swallows down the thick knot in his throat.

"I see," he grits out, "best be on your way then. You know where our room is when you wish to return."

The tension ripples beside him and he looks to see Will's eyes soften a little.

"Hannibal," he says, a little testy, "what exactly do you think I was saying to her?"

They both look at the woman, who is gulping down the rest of her champagne.

The confidence seems to have bled out of her, she is trembling.

"Will…" Hannibal tries to fit the puzzle together but he can't quite grasp the edges.

Will moves to face him, gaze piercing his. He places one hand on Hannibal's chest, not caressing but holding him firm.

"Tell me what you're thinking."

Hannibal frowns, displeased at this purposeful confusion. His lip quivers as he holds back a snarl.

"I am thinking that once you have bed her I will rip her throat out."

Will's eyes darken to the shade of the roiling sea.

"With your teeth?" he asks, but it isn't a question.

It's a request.

Hannibal grasps the hand set on his chest and begins to peel the fingers free, eyes never leaving Will's.

"Yes," he hisses, clutching hard enough to hurt.

Will bites his lip at the flutter of pain and smiles.

"I have no desire to bed her, Hannibal."

He twists his hand free so he can slide their fingers together.

"What I was telling her," he says, stroking over the rise of his knuckles, "was that if she kept looking at you like that I would have to open her ribcage and remove her still-beating heart."

He tips up on his toes, painting his words hotly into Hannibal's ear, "I told her I would let you eat it."

A shiver coasts up Hannibal's spine. He looks over Will's shoulder and the woman's eyes catch his. Her eyes widen in palpable fear and she excuses her present company, fleeing the ballroom without so much as a backward glance.

"Will," he breathes.

Will steps into him, nudging underneath his chin.

"Don't you think it's time we stopped playing these games?" he asks quietly.

Hannibal feels careful threads tugging loose and coming undone.

"Yes," he mutters into his hair, more prayer than answer. One arm slips hesitantly around Will's waist.

"Though perhaps," he says, "you can refrain from frightening innocent women for your sport."

"She was hardly innocent."

"It would seem her only crime was having good taste," Hannibal smirks, "and your teasing draws attention."

"No," Will replies, "this draws attention."

And then Will's mouth is on his, wild and savage, fingers raking into his hair and pulling him down, down, down.

Hannibal falls without reservation.

Will has kissed him before, fleeting ghosts of touches intended more to confound than arouse. As he has tested the waters of their new arrangement, he has also tested Hannibal's patience.

But this, this he has waited for. For so very long.

Will growls into his mouth, licking hungry and unrelenting, the past five months of frustration bleeding out and replaced with restless flame.

Hannibal grasps at him, twisting a handful of his jacket and winding tight. Will bends into the touch, pressing everywhere he can. The line of his arousal is growing painfully apparent.

A dry cough clicks loudly behind them. They do not pay it heed.

Let them be kicked out of this insufferable gala, Hannibal thinks, he is not letting this go.

The cough echoes again, louder still, accompanied by an uncomfortable harrumphing sound.

Hannibal tears his mouth from Will's and glares daggers at the unwelcome interruption. Will turns his head over his shoulder, curls brushing Hannibal's throat. He nuzzles, catlike, before looking at their company with haughty disdain.

"Excuse me," he says, "my husband and I are occupied at present."

He tilts his throat and licks, licks Hannibal's ear. Hannibal tamps down the moan threatening to spill out.

Between Hannibal's feral gaze and Will's wanton display, the man can do little more than sputter uselessly before turning on his heel and walking away in a stupor.

"As you say," Will whispers into the ear he's currently sucking on, "I know where our room is."

He pulls free and kisses Hannibal again, deep, warm, and suffused with promise.

"I wish to return."

Will parts from their embrace and heads toward the doors, then stops. He turns his head over his shoulder with an infuriatingly coy glance.

"Will you join me?"

Christmas Card

Chapter Summary

A schmoopy little holiday gift for weesprigofzest

"Hannibal, what is this?"

A small cream-coloured envelope sits on a silver tray which glints under the glow of the brightly stoked fire. Will's name is written atop it in a beautiful flourishing cursive.

Hannibal sips his wine from his seat by the fire and does not speak.

Will turns the envelope over in his hands. It is weighted more than a letter would be, a card perhaps, but Will cannot find good reason for Hannibal to be leaving him a card in their own home.

Unless.

He looks outside to the sheets of snow that are piled in white pillows, to the wisping flakes that continue to drift and rest among the green of the pine trees. He looks back at Hannibal, who is comfortably attired in a soft red sweater.

Oh.

He opens the envelope carefully, finding it (of course) held closed with a handsome wax seal. Hannibal does nothing by halves.

He slips the card free and lets out a small breath.

The front shows a detailed charcoal illustration of a Christmas tree, each ornament intricately shaded. The tree is lit by the warmth of a fireplace, their fireplace, and sparkles with tiny lights dotted throughout the fir.

Beside the tree stand two men, drawn from behind. One has hair that curls softly at his neck, the other pulled into a bun with ends that spill gently at the sides.

Together, they are placing a star at the top of the tree, hands intimately entwined. Even in the two dimensions of the drawing, Will can feel the love radiating from it.

To think, Will Graham would be crying over a Christmas card.

“Open it,” Hannibal says.

He hadn’t heard him move to stand by his side, enraptured by the gesture as he was, but now he can feel Hannibal alongside of him, every cell reaching out to his. His fingers are shaking.

Inside the card are five words, written in flowing script.

Merry Christmas.
I love you.

Will knows, he’s known and always knows, but Hannibal has never said the words and neither has he. It’s the greatest gift he could ask for, and until this moment he hadn’t known how terribly he’d wanted it.

“It’s beautiful.”

Will turns to Hannibal and kisses him, gently, with the softness of understanding something sweet and new. Passion will come later, it always does.

“I love you,” he whispers, lips tracing the fall of Hannibal’s tears.

They embrace in the quiet, wrapped in the crackle of the fire and silent fall of snow.

“Merry Christmas.”

Baby

Chapter Summary

> Prompt:
> *Will accidentally calls Hannibal "baby" and then feels all weird about it, but Hannibal is quite pleased, to say the least.*

“I don’t understand… this has never happened to me before.”

“Ssh, hey, it’s okay.”

Will runs a calming hand along his back, between his shoulder blades.

“It happens all the time.”

Hannibal huffs, imperious and defiant.

“It most certainly doesn’t happen to me.” He leans into Will’s touch, letting the curve of his neck be soothed by Will’s fingertips. “Least of all with you.”

Will nuzzles softly at his nape, kissing lightly behind his ear.

“It’s not like this is the only time I’m going to let you do this.”

Hannibal pulls back sharply, just in time to see the quirk of Will’s unbearably insouciant brow.

“*Let me*?” he echoes, a flash of teeth there and gone, “I believe you were all but begging when I brought up the idea.”

“Begging is a strong word, Hannibal,” Will protests, “but you can hardly blame me.”

Will squirms alongside him, rubbing in all sorts of torturous ways.

“Besides,” he says, swatting playfully at his ass, “you were the one who said you could do this.”

Hannibal’s eyes darken with a mixture of anger and hurt.

“You would dare to-” He chokes on his words a little and turns his head, unable to mask his bruised pride.

“Oh,” Will breathes, “Oh no, come on, I didn’t mean it like *that*, baby, I’m sorr-”

The last syllables dissolve into the wind as his eyes widen. Hannibal stills beside him.

For a moment there is utter silence, until Hannibal, slowly, breathes.

“Baby?”

The word sounds lush and ripe on his tongue, and he smiles wide and cat-like.

“Baby,” Hannibal says again, lips wrapped around the word like velvet and caramel and sin.

Will holds up a finger in warning. “Don’t you start.”

Hannibal sucks the finger into his mouth. Will shudders.

“I-”

He wraps his fingers around Will’s hand, pulls the finger free with a wet pop and replaces it with Will’s own mouth, kissing him deep and hard. Will’s fingers flutter in spasms before digging into the flesh of his shoulders, down to his hips.

“Mnh,” he groans, “Hannibal…”

His voices trails off pitched and high, until the curling acrid scent of smoke hits his nose, and he shoves Hannibal away.

Hannibal growls and tugs him back, teeth scraping over the ridge of his shoulder.

“Hann – baby, it’s burning.”

“Yes,” he replies as he sucks hotly against his throat.

“No,” Will says firmly, pushing him back again and pointing to the stove behind them, “it’s *burning*.”

Smoke spirals in thicker plumes from the doomed pot of ruined crawfish étouffée. The étouffée Hannibal swore he knew how to make and had promised to make Will for dinner.

The étouffée that was, quite frankly, terrible.

Hannibal switches off the burner and unceremoniously dumps the contents of the pot into the trash, nudging away the dogs with his feet.

Will watches fondly, a small smile pulling at the corners of his mouth.

“I’ve never seen you unable to cook anything before.”

Hannibal casts a dour look over his shoulder as he fills the pot with soapy water.

“I am not unable,” he insists, “I simply misjudged the time I left the roux to simmer because *someone* insisted upon bending themselves over the countertop and demanding to be-”

Will wags a finger at him, “Hey, I did not demand, you just couldn’t resist me. I was minding my own goddamn business.”

Hannibal closes the faucet and turns, smacking the offending finger away and pulling Will against his chest. Will, in turn, makes a helpless rasp of protest that tries valiantly not to disintegrate into a moan.

“A likely story,” he purrs across Will’s cheek, “tempting, delectable thing.”

Will rubs his cheek against Hannibal’s own and lets his hands wander, reveling in these newfound moments they have in which they are free to play and tease and enjoy. They are entirely too happy for who and what they are, but this peace is so hard-won he will not begrudge it for a second.

“Say it again,” Hannibal whispers. Will grins.

“Baby,” he says, soft enough to sprinkle a shiver down Hannibal’s spine.

“*Baby*,” he says again, lower and longer, letting the syllables stretch like syrup over his tongue.

Hannibal nuzzles him, pleased rumbles erupting steadily from his throat.

“Baby,” once more, barely a whisper and chased with a kiss that makes them both ache for more.

“Take me to bed.”

Intramuscular

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
Hannibal has to give Will an intramuscular injection in the butt for vague medical reasons. Will is not impressed

“I don’t see why this has to go in my ass.”

“Because you are in considerable pain, and have been in considerable pain since I dragged us from the ocean *which you threw us into*.”

Hannibal ignored Will’s peevish snort as he filled the syringe.

“And,” he continued, “Intramuscular injections are the fastest way to alleviate pain. Unless you would rather wait.”

Will grumbled and buried the unhurt side of his face into his crossed elbows.

“Fine, just get it over with.”

“I assure you, Will, there is no need to be bashful. I have seen you nude before.”

Will rose from his stomach and threw a glare over his shoulder.

“Never while I was *conscious*.”

Hannibal sighed wanly. “I took no advantage of you then, nor will I endeavor to now.” He pushed the flat of his palm against Will’s back.

“Now lay back down.”

Will acquiesced with a harrumph and wiggled more comfortably into the sheets. He shivered involuntarily when he felt Hannibal’s hand tug at the waistband of his pajamas.

“If I may,” Hannibal said genteelly, giving the elastic a slight tug, “up.”

Will arched his hips, allowing Hannibal to pull one side of his sleep pants further down to expose his bottom.

“Comfortable?”

Will snorted. Hannibal’s eyes narrowed.

“I’ll take that as a yes. You will feel something cold, it’s just disinfectant.”

He tore open an alcohol swab and wiped lightly over the bare skin. They both ignored the goosebumps that followed suit.

“Now,” he said calmly, “you may feel a small prick-”

Will dissolved into giggles. Hannibal pursed his lips.

“Will-”

He began to shake with laughter, and Hannibal tried not to watch the way his ass pleasantly jiggled.

“I’m sorry,” Will sputtered, “it’s just-”

“I’m aware of the double entendre, Will,” Hannibal said tersely, “but I will need you to stop shaking if I’m to do this.”

Will took a few deep breaths, calming himself before settling back down into the pillows beneath.

“Okay, go for it.”

Hannibal ran his fingers lightly over the muscle of Will’s ass before finding the right spot to hold firm. Will inhaled sharply at the touch, feeling a light rosy flush spill across his cheeks.

“And I’ll have you know it’s anything but little,” Hannibal said conversationally. His thumb grazed Will’s skin ever so slightly and the flush began to spread.

Before he could respond Hannibal had plunged the needle in and removed it, barely felt at all. He released the muscle, letting his fingers trail the rise of Will’s ass as he did, the touch there and gone. Hannibal pressed a small band-aid to the injection site and pulled Will’s pajamas back up over his waist.

“That’s… that’s it?”

Will’s words were muffled into the crook of his arm. He held perfectly still, not daring to move when he could still feel Hannibal’s fingers on him like a burn.

“All done,” Hannibal replied. “I recommend you lie still for a few minutes and let your system adjust to the drugs. If you stand too quickly you may grow dizzy.”

“Mmkay.” He snuggled his face into the mixture of skin and pillow beneath him. Whatever Hannibal had given him was working quickly.

“I should probably be more concerned about letting Hannibal Lecter give me drugs,” Will murmured, “too late for that I guess,” he added with a giggle.

He did not see the smirk Hannibal tossed his way, nor the fond smile that followed as Will wriggled his body against the mattress.

“Everything feels warm,” he said dreamily.

“Good,” Hannibal replied, “and the pain?”

“Mm, far away.”

Through the growing fog of pleasantness, Will grasped at a thread of their recent exchange.

“When you say ‘anything but little’….”

The mattress depressed slightly as Hannibal sat next to him, hands folded neatly in his lap.

“Not a topic for conversation at present.” He watched as Will’s mouth parted with a sleepy smile, the ripeness of it made even sweeter in its rare state of relaxation. “Later, perhaps.”

Will’s tongue darted out to wet his lips.

“Are you thirsty?” Hannibal asked, setting a concerned hand to Will’s shoulder, “I could get you some water.”

Will’s entire body was suddenly focused on the imprint of Hannibal’s hand and how warm and good it felt.

“I’m fine,” he said, arching just slightly so his shoulders bent upward into Hannibal’s touch. Hannibal kept his palm where it was but began to move his thumb in gentle circles.

“Oh,” Will said softly, “keep doing that.”

Hannibal obeyed. As if he were capable of doing anything else.

Will’s hips shifted a little and pressed into the mattress, and Hannibal caught the unmistakable scent of his arousal as it began to fill the air.

His hand moved a little lower. Will moaned.

Hannibal cleared his throat and removed his hand. “I should fetch you some water.”

Will felt the shift and dip of weight next to him as Hannibal began to rise.

“No,” he protested, “stay.”

He reached a lazy arm out to catch Hannibal’s arm, turning himself so he was on his side. Hannibal watched as he propped himself up on one elbow, hair tousled and eyes shining.

“Stay,” Will said again, his fingers stroking the inside of Hannibal’s wrist.

Hannibal licked his lips, powerless not to. Will returned the gesture.

“You are under the influence of some very powerful narcotics,” Hannibal said, although his scholarly tone was entirely gone, replaced with something rough and scratched and needy that he barely recognized.

“I’ll get you some water,” he continued, “and then you should sleep. I’ll come back to check on you.”

He circled Will’s hand with his free one, lightly prying his fingers free and stepping clear of the bed. Will pouted, jutting out his unbearably full and pink lower lip that just begged to be sucked upon. He took the hand that Hannibal had dropped and trailed it down the bed and over his hip, bringing to attention the unmistakable outline beginning to form under his pajamas.

“I don’t want to sleep.” The words were husky and caramel-thick. Will was looking up at Hannibal from underneath his lashes and if Hannibal didn’t move quickly *away* he was going to do something that he –

“Kiss me.”

The room, already uncomfortably hot, instantly spiked up ten degrees.

The two words reverberated in Hannibal’s skull, sticking to the places inside of him that had longed to hear variations on that theme since the first day they had met.

“Will,” Hannibal said calmly, though his mind and pulse were racing, “ask me again tomorrow and I shall be happy to oblige.”

Unable to stop himself, he touched two fingers lightly to Will’s still pouting lip.

“I swear it,” he breathed, drawing his hand away before Will could do anything more debauched with that mouth.

Will exhaled heavily, throwing himself back onto his stomach with a dramatic thump.

“Fiiiine.”

Released, reprieved, and aroused as hell, Hannibal took a wide berth around the bed towards the doorway.

“You could at least kiss it better,” Will called after him.

Hannibal turned back, and the air punched itself clear out of his lungs as he saw the scene set before him.

Will had pulled his pajama pants back down, fully exposing his behind, and was stroking the cheek Hannibal had administered to.

Hannibal had spent years training his body and mind to remain in an unflappable, unreachable state of calm. Years of practice that had kept him untouchable beneath the impeccably sewn seams of his person suit.

Years of practice that now were tossed out the window as Hannibal tore open the seams.

In two strides he was kneeling at the bed beside Will, the groan loosened from his throat echoing between them. Will was staring back at him with foggy lust, his hand still running over the plush swell of his rear.

Hannibal moved his hand aside and bent down, lips parted. Will was moaning before he even touched skin.

Slow and wet, he placed an open mouthed kiss just below the injection site, his tongue rubbing softly as he gathered the intoxicating taste of *Will* into his mouth. Will reached a hand back to drag through the fine strands of Hannibal's hair, his moans echoing freely now. Hannibal kissed him once more, quick and hot, then lifted his mouth free. Will was having none of it. He quickly pushed him back, holding him fast and whispering a broken *please*.

Too far gone for the both of them, Hannibal pressed another kiss to Will's flesh, then another. Each kiss wetter and longer until Will's hips were working in little jerks underneath him, whimpers pulling jagged from his throat. He kept his mouth pressed to the same spot, rasping his tongue over and over as Will fell to pieces beneath him.

Will continued to tug at his hair, and a few times Hannibal heard the word *more*, each time a little higher and more desperate. No matter how Will begged, he did not move his hands from where they were planted on either side of Will's thighs, did not move his mouth from the few inches of increasingly wet skin he had claimed as his own. Small little grunts issued from his throat as he worked his mouth over Will's skin, and he could feel his own arousal heavy and insistent between his thighs.

When Will pulled his hair sharp enough to hurt, Hannibal opened his mouth a little wider and bit down, hard.

Instantly, Will came.

He cried out sharply, his whole body shuddering. Hannibal could almost taste his release, as close to its source as he was. He muffled his moan against Will's skin, inhaling deeply as he pressed one last kiss and came untouched.

The air was hot and spiced with the thick scent of them both as Hannibal gingerly withdrew his mouth and pulled Will's pajamas back over his ass. Will was breathing deep and heavy, already halfway tumbled into slumber. He made a pleased sound and nuzzled into the pillows, smile spreading slow and sleepy. Hannibal pulled the blankets over him and tucked him in carefully, before retreating to the bathroom to fetch a glass of water and leave it by his bedside.

He stood watching a moment longer, ran a hand across Will's untroubled brow, and smiled.

"You taste more exquisite than I could have dreamed."

Will hummed softly in approval and nuzzled into his palm.

“Stay,” he murmured contentedly, then cracked one eye open with a wicked grin.

“Someone has to remind me to kiss you in the morning.”

I Can Have a Dark Side (Yippee)

Chapter Summary

> Prompt:
> *During Molly and Will's time together, she tried her hardest to give a little into his dark side but could never quite get it right. Will tells stories of this to Hannibal who is both jealous and smug.*

I Can Have a Dark Side (Yippee)

“Molly,” Will says quietly, “what are you wearing?”

His fiancee stands in the doorway with a minxish expression on her face. She isn’t wearing much, but the fabric that does cover her skin is jet black from head to toe. A lacy black bra, short leather miniskirt and shiny black patent leather heeled boots that brush the top of her thighs.

Everything clings appealingly to her curves and leaves very little to the imagination.

She looks… uncomfortable.

Will is confused. “What - why are you…” He trails off, not wishing to hurt her feelings but honestly at a loss as to why she’s currently dressed like this.

His reaction is clearly not the one she had expected, and her cheeks flush beet red as she crosses her arms to cover herself. It only serves to push up her already amplified cleavage, but Will is hardly in a state to notice that at the moment.

He has no idea what in holy hell is going on.

“You said,” she sounds painfully embarrassed, “you said I couldn’t bring out your dark side. I was trying to-”

She laughs drily and throws her hands in the air in frustration. “I was trying to give you that.”

Will laughs, gently though, not to offend, never to offend when all she wants to do is *try.*

“Molly,” he says kindly, “babe, I -” He gestures for her to come to him, pulls her into his arms, tucking her head under his chin.

“It was a compliment,” he explains as he strokes her hair, “not a… flirtation.”

“I don’t understand,” Molly snuffles into his chest. Her back is sprinkled with goosebumps and he pulls them both down to sit on the bed, throwing a blanket around her shoulders.

“You look really nice,” he assures her, and her nose wrinkles at the neutered compliment, “I mean, sexy, it’s just-”

Will sighs and rubs the back of his neck.

“My… *dark* side, it’s not - it’s not something I ever want you to see. It’s not,” he waves a hand in the direction of her get-up, “it’s not that.”

Molly takes Will’s hand in hers, presses a kiss to his palm. “I don’t want you to have to hide anything from me,” she says tenderly, “I love you.”

Gingerly, she takes his hand, places it over the sliver of thigh that peeks from the top of her boots, just below the hem of her *very* short skirt. “I trust you.”

Will draws his hand back, wincing as though she’d delivered a mild electric shock. Molly’s eyes fill with tears.

“Oh God, you really don’t want this.” She pulls the blanket tight around her, cocooning herself from shame.

Will, helpless than he’s felt in years, drags her back into his arms, humming soothing noises as he tries to reassure her.

“No, sweetheart, I want *you*. I just want you. You’re all I need.”

It’s a lie, a complete and total lie, but if he tells it enough he might start believing it.

Molly sniffs quietly and looks up at him. “I’m sorry.”

“No,” Will hushes her, “don’t be sorry. I’m flattered that you’d do this for me. I’m sorry I wasn’t more clear. And really,” he smiles, “you look great.”

“Yeah?”

He kisses her cheek, wipes at an unshed tear that threatens to bloom. “Yeah.”

“So,” she ducks her head and looks up at him from beneath her lashes, “can I take this off now?”

Will laughs, bright and loud. “Of course.”

She stands up, confidence restored as she smacks a kiss to Will’s temple.

“Good,” she declares, “these boots fucking chafe.”

She doesn’t voice her concern that her fiance’s dark side is something so gnarled and terrible that he has to lock it away. She doesn’t think about that because she loves him, loves him

enough to wear the chafing boots, loves him enough to trust that he is more than the ghosts he keeps chained in the shadows.

She loves him enough to believe that he keeps that side locked away for a reason, and that reason is her.

She is, at least, half right.

-x-

“So to answer your question, no, she never saw my dark side.”

Hannibal looks unimpressed.

“You didn’t have to go into quite so much detail.”

“Hey,” Will says defensively, “you asked.”

Hannibal smirks. “She must have looked quite ridiculous.”

Will frowns. “Don’t talk about my wife like that.”

He registers his error immediately as Hannibal’s face crumples with wounded hurt, far more dangerous than his anger. Will rolls to his side and pulls the damnably insecure man back against his chest.

“Don’t be like that,” he says gently, “I didn’t mean - look, Hannibal, it has to be pretty fucking clear which life I chose since I’m lying next to you telling you this. And only because *you asked*. We don’t have to talk about her at all, but if I do, it’s only going to be with kindness.”

Hannibal grumbles. Will sighs against his cheek.

“If you don’t like it, don’t bring her up.”

He knows Hannibal doesn’t like it, of course he doesn’t, but Will enjoys wielding this new authority that his lover consistently bends to. It has the potential to grow quite addicting.

In fact, if Will’s being completely honest, it already has.

“Legally, until she signs the papers declaring me dead, she is still my wife.” He noses the side of Hannibal’s neck. Hannibal stiffens but Will holds him fast.

“But,” he continues, “*illegally*, very much illegally considering the false names we’re currently adopting, you are my husband.”

Hannibal makes a little growl, turns under Will’s touch to nip at his jaw.

“Once you are dead,” he purrs, “you will be only mine.”

Will laughs, lets Hannibal overpower him as he grabs his wrists and stretches him back out over the bed beneath them.

“I never took you as one for necrophilia,” he teases.

Hannibal’s lips pause in their descent from throat to collarbone.

“If it involves you, dear husband, I am hopelessly intoxicated.”

Will grins ear to ear, unable to help himself. He runs his fingers through Hannibal’s hair and hums, giving him a little tug that Hannibal knows means *stop, just for now, just lay here, be with me, breathe with me, be this.*

Be still. Love me.

Hannibal obeys. Since the moment Will wrapped bloodied arms around his neck, he’s been unable to do anything else.

If he’s honest, it’s been a fair bit longer than that.

Perhaps he’s alway been obeying Will Graham, even when Will himself wasn’t aware of the instructions he gave.

“My Will,” he whispers against his skin. He tries not to make it sound like a question, but Will knows. Will always knows.

Will sighs, cradles Hannibal’s head to his chest and projects his heartbeat into Hannibal’s mind. *There is your answer*, he says wordlessly. He feels, rather than sees, the contented smile that follows.

It will never get easier to accept how very easy this is. This silly, bruising intimacy that pulses between them like their very own circulatory system. Two hearts, each feeding with other with equal parts devastation and affection.

These days, affection wins out more often than not.

“So truly, I am the only one?”

Will’s fingers toy with the ends of Hannibal’s hair as his mouth curves up.

“You’ll have to be more specific than that.”

“I am the only one who has seen this. Who knows this.”

Hannibal’s hand splays across the space over Will’s heart. Will’s fingers lace with his own.

“The only one.”

Hannibal exhales with pleasure and relief both.

“Tell me again how much you love me,” Will says quietly.

Hannibal pulls himself up the bed, adjusts their positions so that Will's head now rests on his chest. He cards gentle fingers through Will's hair and lets his heart beat slow and steady, each thrum within his ribs another vow that echoes in the silence.

Will smiles.

"I love you, too."

Lazy Princess

Chapter Summary

> Prompt:
> *Post twotl Hannibal being a lazy princess and refusing to do the small household tasks which requires the tiniest bit of physical labor. Of course Will tries to drag him to help him but secretly he's happy to pamper Hannibal as much as he can because he loves him too much!*

“You could at least take the trash out.”

Hannibal looks positively mortified.

“Why would I do such a thing?”

Will braces himself forward on the counter, head hung between his shoulders as he shakes it in disbelief.

“Oh I don’t know,” he says as he looks up from under his mane of shaggy hair, “because I do everything else?”

Hannibal examines his nails.

“I cook.”

“I do the dishes,” Will counters.

“I feed the dogs,” Hannibal offers.

“I make their food!”

Hannibal looks at Will coolly. “And who taught you how to make their food?”

Will pushes himself from the counter, throwing his hands in the air.

“You’re impossible.”

“Will,” Hannibal’s arms are snug around his waist before Will even realizes he’s moved, “if I may remind you, I took a bullet for you.”

Will snorts derisively. “And I wasn’t stabbed in the face?”

“Your injury, whilst tedious, does not restrict you from strenuous movement as you heal.”

He slips his hand under the soft fabric of Will’s t-shirt, runs his fingers over the ridged line of his scar.

“You should understand better than most the delicate healing process of stomach wounds.”

Will flops his head back against Hannibal’s shoulder.

“I can’t believe you’re using injuries you inflicted on me as a means of flirtation.”

He blinks once, turns over his shoulder to examine Hannibal’s profile.

“Actually wait, who am I talking to, of course I can believe it.”

Hannibal simply smiles. Will kisses his cheek, wraps an arm around Hannibal’s neck to bring his mouth closer to his.

“You’re not the only one who can flirt,” he murmurs against Hannibal’s lips.

Will’s breath flutters hot over Hannibal’s cheek, and he feels the quickening of his pulse. Before he can join their mouths together, Will flashes a devious smirk and ducks under and out of his embrace.

He turns away to stand facing him, hands on hips.

“New rules,” Will declares, “no kisses ‘til you do your chores.”

Hannibal looks positively crestfallen. “You cannot be serious.”

“We’ll keep it light to start,” Will concedes, “I’ll take the trash out. *For now*,” he adds with a warning finger, “but you have to re-line the can. And clean the dog dishes.”

Hannibal opens his mouth to interject but Will silences him with a warning eyebrow.

“I’m not done. You also have to clean.”

Hannibal frowns. “Clean what?”

Will just stares at him with that unreadable look that sends heated desire licking up his spine. Eyes on Hannibal, he slowly peels off his shirt.

“Me,” he says.

Then he steps out of his boxers and Hannibal almost implodes into a charred heap in front of him.

He snarls, teeth bared, and in two strides has Will lifted over his shoulder, one hand obscenely groping his ass as he carries him to the shower.

“I knew it!” Will yells out in triumph, “you healed months ago, didn’t you?”

Hannibal throws the bathroom door open, tossing Will into the shower and hurriedly shedding his clothes. He rips off the bandage that has been plastered across his stomach for the better part of four months and reveals a neatly healed scar that’s barely even pink anymore.

Will stares.

“You son of a bitch,” he breathes.

Hannibal reaches behind him and turns on the spray, stepping into the expansive tub and sheltering Will’s body from the first bursts of cold.

“I can’t fucking believe you,” Will beats half-hearted fists against his chest, “all this time you *oh God.*”

Hannibal is on his knees, looking up at him under wet lashes, mouth slack and inviting. He slides his hand up Will’s thighs and licks his lips.

Will’s anger dissipates as quickly as the steam that rises around him and he moans aloud as Hannibal takes him into his mouth.

“Not fair,” he stutters, but his complaints are swiftly and summarily ceased by Hannibal’s wickedly distracting tongue.

His fingers slip into Hannibal’s hair and he grips him fast, hips working in lazy thrusts.

“You’re taking the trash out from now on,” he murmurs dreamily.

Hannibal hums an agreement around him and sucks harder.

The shower walls echo with rising groans of pleasure, and as Will comes and Hannibal swallows him down, they both think one thing.

I won.

Life and Death

Chapter Summary

> Prompt:
> *What if Hannibal is Life and Will is Death? Hannibal kills things because he's an impatient bastard who wants his gifts to arrive faster. Will prefers things to be alive because he thinks they are more beautiful. The tension between them is high.*
> Based on this beautiful comic

They meet upon the plain, Life trailing stars and comets in his wake. Death eats the shadows that fall before him.

It takes an age to reach other, and Life counts the beats of each lifetime as Death comes closer.

“Hello,” he says.

Death ducks his head, pale and shy. Life can see the dwindling light of each snuffed constellation swirling in his eyes.

He is so very beautiful.

“Do you have a name?”

Death’s mouth is soft and gentle as he smiles. “Will,” he says.

“Will,” he tastes the word, lets it burst over his tongue.

“Have you enjoyed my gifts?”

Will’s face is still and solemn.

“No,” he replies, but there is a fondness around his eyes that betrays him.

Life tilts his head teasingly. “And yet?”

Will looks away, lips pursed. “What is your name?”

“Hannibal.”

“Hannibal,” Will says, and it sounds like drowning.

“I’m very tired, Hannibal.”

He sees it instantly, sees the drag and drain of millenia sweep through him.

Hannibal wants to touch, to take his face between his hands and pull the pain out. He cannot.

Yet.

“I have tired you,” he says honestly.

Will frowns. “Yes. Why?”

Hannibal had thought the answer obvious.

“Because I love you.”

Will’s chest rattles empty bones as he laughs.

“Hannibal.” His name again, dragging rocks along a riverbed, “don’t you know that you needn’t exhaust me to love me?”

Hannibal shrugs, unaware of the regret that threads his response.

“It’s the only way I know how.”

Will’s form seems to suddenly collapse in on itself, very small and very sad. “I wish you had found another way. I would have-”

He stops himself then, nests away the feelings that were not created for him, feelings that do not fit but that he clothes himself in anyway.

“Why did you bring us here?”

Hannibal watches him, tries to catch a shard of whatever spun-glass thought had just tried to pierce the veil.

“I wanted you to *see*, Will. Each gift I collected for you-”

Will shakes his head. “You don’t collect them.” Smoke curls from his pale lips. “You kill them. Before their time.”

Hannibal laughs, but the brightness behind it is cold. “Neither of us have to answer to Time, Will.”

Will just looks at him, the shadow of a thousand graves beneath his eyes.

“No,” he agrees, “but it still isn’t right.”

“We were not built to determine the rightness of things.”

Will goes quiet, looks down the unending plain, then back to the blinding light of Hannibal’s eyes.

“We were not built to love either,” he says, voice shaking, “and yet here we stand.”

Joy rises in Hannibal, unfamiliar, sticking to his ribs.

Will looks at him curiously, lifts his fingers for just a moment, then falters.

“I think I have always loved you,” Will says.

Hannibal takes a step towards him, closing the distance.

“Then we are the same.”

The only thing they have been told, far-flung words from their long-forgotten creator, is that they cannot touch. They can never touch.

Worlds have passed and crumbled between them without speaking because they were told to keep away.

But they were never told *why*.

In this moment, Hannibal does not care why. He knows, without asking, that neither does Will.

So he kisses him.

Will melts, drags his bony arms around Hannibal and mewls into his mouth. Hannibal feels himself growing cold, feels the creep of decay singing about his fingertips.

And still he kisses.

Hot and fervent, each press and turn of his mouth a pledge. Will clings to him, drawing the life from him with desperation. Hannibal lets him. He gives and gives and gives.

“Hannibal,” Will breathes.

The ground cracks beneath them.

Parted only by the shock, he looks into Will’s eyes. The galaxies are winking out one by one. Will does not notice.

He draws a hand over Hannibal’s brow, rapt with fascination. He kisses him again. It is warm.

“I love you.”

Words shared by both, the shape of the same sound from two mouths begging not to be parted.

The crack widens and they are flung to the ground.

When he looks up, Will's eyes are shining bright and clear with the light of a dawning universe. He looks at his hands, pulsing with blood and sweat and…

and *life*.

"What have you done?" he cries out across the void.

Hannibal looks at his own hands, now pale and paper-thin, a translucent near-blue that shines over the bone.

"I gave you what you wanted," Death says, "I gave you Life."

Will blinks free crystalline tears, trembling and warm.

"This is not what I wanted," he whispers, reaching shaking fingers across the improbable chasm.

Hannibal steps back.

"To have touched you even once," he says, "was worth all of my lifetimes."

Will shakes his head, draws the stars close around his shoulders.

"What shall I do now?

Hannibal smiles, his heart so full it freezes and stops. He draws the hood of his cloak over his head, billowing and molding over him like a shadow.

"Send me a gift."

Baby II

“Baby, did you feed the dogs?”

“Yes, sweetheart, I did.”

Will shook his head and folded down his newspaper.

“Nope, not that.”

Hannibal ducked to kiss his neck. “No?” he asked, bestowing another kiss, lingering. “Are you sure, *sweetheart*?”

Will batted him away.

“Yeah, baby, I’m sure.”

-x-

“What’s for dinner?”

“Oxtail stew with scotch bonnets. It’s still simmering.”

Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s waist, fingers toying with his apron strings.

“Mmm, how much longer, baby?”

Hannibal leaned back against him, idly stirring. “Ten minutes, darling.”

Will dropped the strings. “No.”

“What’s wrong with ‘darling’?”

“Too European.”

Hannibal snorted lightly. “That’s a terrible reason and you know it.”

“Hey,” Will said, “I don’t make the rules, I just follow them.”

He dropped a quick kiss behind Hannibal’s ear and walked away.

Hannibal kept stirring, pausing briefly to frown and mutter quietly.

“That doesn’t even make sense.”

-x-

“Oh…. oh, *baby*…”

“Yes… oh, honey, you feel exquisite.”

“Nuh-uh. Off. Get off me. Now, Hannibal.”

“But we were - you can’t be –”

“You just killed my boner, now you have to deal with the consequences.”

-x-

“Sugar?”

Will creased his brow in puzzlement. “No, you know I take my coffee black.”

“No, I meant - never mind.”

Will’s eyes widened in understanding. “Ohh!”

He picked up his mug and set his hand at the small of Hannibal’s back.

“Nice try. Going for the Louisiana boy in me, huh, baby?”

Hannibal bent his chin to receive Will’s affectionate nuzzle.

“Perhaps. Do you like it?”

Will smiled and kissed his temple.

“No.”

-x-

“Pinot or syrah, baby?”

“Whatever you choose, my love.”

There was a brief silence. Hannibal held his breath.

“It’ll do,” Will said, “but it doesn’t rev my motor.”

Hannibal exhaled in frustration.

“Fine. Syrah, please. And get two bottles.”

-x-

“Could you just tell me?”

“Huh - what?”

Will reached out to switch on his bedside lamp. Hannibal sat upright, glasses slanted down his nose as he set his book aside.

“I have, to my count, attempted twenty-seven different variations of pet name for you. None of them have worked. Would you care to perhaps give me some *hint* of what you’d like to be called?”

Will looked down at his fingernails, shrugging a little.

“I don’t know,” he said, “I haven’t really thought about it.”

The guilty lilt in his tone betrayed him immensely. Hannibal pounced.

“You have. Yes, you *have*.”

Will immediately flushed, cheeks hot and rosy.

“No I haven’t,” he protested, clearly lying.

Hannibal slipped off his glasses and rolled to the side, arched and ready to attack.

“Tell me,” he said, voice low and husky.

Will shook his head mutely. Hannibal bent low, nosing at his ear.

“Tell me, Will.”

At the mention of his name, Will’s breath hitched and the flush deepened. Hannibal smiled in pleasant surprise.

“Oh, *Will*,” he breathed, “do you like the way I say your name?”

Will’s lips were parted, eyes heavy-lidded as he nodded.

Hannibal licked his lips.

“Will,” he kissed a path down the column of his throat and over his jaw, “my Will.”

A rippling moan escaped Will’s mouth before he could stop himself.

“Oh, baby,” he murmured, “please don’t stop.”

Hannibal rolled over fully so he was atop Will, hips slotted together, breath close and warm. He brushed a kiss across his mouth, fingers tracing delicately along his side and heading steadily southwards.

“Oh, Will,” Hannibal said into his mouth, marveling as he arched helplessly beneath him, “I have only just begun.”

Eliza + Alexander

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Dessert-sharing.

The cake was white velvet with caramel buttercream, delicate roses piped in pastel pink icing along the edge. Whorling loops of dark chocolate declared ‘Congratulations!’ atop the pristine ivory frosting.

Hannibal examined the cake appraisingly. Will hooked a chin over his shoulder.

“This would be more romantic if we had rings.”

Hannibal nodded in agreement. “Or if the cake was actually ours.”

Behind them, the body of the most sought-after pastry chef in Maryland exhaled his last messy breath. A sloppy dribble of mixed blood-and-spittle trailed down his cheek.

“Shame,” Hannibal said, “his cakes were exquisite.”

Will shrugged. “Shame he was a homophobic prick.” He glanced down at the cake, the last of its kind. “This one ours, then?”

“Yes,” Hannibal replied, “should you do the honours, or I?”

Will raised his right arm, the still-warm knife clutched in his fingers. He waggled his eyebrows.

Hannibal looked positively aghast. “With a clean knife, Will. We are not barbarians.”

He scanned the kitchen for a clean utensil and handed it to Will gracefully. Will set aside his dirtied knife aside in favour of the gleaming silver one and stood with his hand hovering over the cake.

“I feel bad for,” he squinted at the writing on the cake, “Eliza and Alexander.”

Hannibal crowded behind him, nuzzling the slope of his shoulder. “I am sure they will have a prosperous union, with or without cake. Now cut, darling.”

Will cut the first slice, thick and moist, hefting it into his hand. His eyes sparkled in merriment as he turned.

“Will,” Hannibal warned.

The cake was crumbling quickly in his fingers. It was now or never.

“Don’t you dare.”

“Better open up then,” Will retorted, and proceeded to smash the cake into Hannibal’s face.

Pink and white detritus fell everywhere. Hannibal grimaced, tongue flicking out to catch the remnants. Will licked his palm and snickered.

“S'good?” he asked.

Hannibal just stood there, bits of cake clinging to his cheekbones. “I hope you’re happy.”

Will grinned. “Ecstatic.” He plucked a towel from a nearby sink, ran it under the faucet, and set to cleaning Hannibal’s face.

“You’re adorable when you’re covered in pink frosting.”

Hannibal’s eyes flashed dangerously. “If you ever call me adorable again–”

“You’ll what,” Will dabbed at Hannibal’s upper lip, “marry me?”

Stern countenance instantly melting into a smile, Hannibal grabbed Will’s hand to press a kiss over the heel of his palm.

“I just might,” he said softly. “Now, I believe it’s time for you to have a slice.”

He spun Will away from him, effortlessly slipping the knife from his fingers. He carved out a small, fine slice and grasped it between thumb and forefinger. Will eyed him warily.

“Come,” Hannibal said, “open up.”

Obeying despite his better judgment, Will opened his mouth. Hannibal popped the slice in without incident.

“Mmm,” Will closed his eyes, “this is delish-mmph!”

The instant his eyes closed, Hannibal had trailed a pink smudge over the side of his mouth and jaw. Will shook his head in reluctant amusement.

“Can’t resist marking me, can you?”

“Can you blame me?”

Will scrubbed at his cheek with the back of his hand. “I should. For a lot more than this.”

“But you don’t.”

Will nodded. “But I don’t.” He wiped the last smear of icing away with his thumb. Hannibal encircled his wrist.

“No,” he said, “that’s for me.”

Will rolled his eyes, partly to stave off the growing flush. “Hannibal, I got it.”

His words went unnoticed as Hannibal leaned in, lips parted and wet. Will could see the pink inside just before his eyes fluttered close.

Hannibal’s mouth closed over his thumb in a wet suck. His tongue rubbed softly over the sweetness still clinging to his skin. Will swallowed, the bob of his throat rippling under where Hannibal had gently splayed his hand. Little puffs of breath spilled out of his just-parted lips.

After a few more pulls of his tongue, Hannibal retreated, licking and smacking his lips in exaggerated delight.

“As I expected.”

Will blinked, his eyelids still at half-mast. “Hmm?”

“Your skin is the perfect tapestry to serve a banquet on.”

“Christ,” Will wrinkled his nose, “that’s disgusting.”

He smirked and caged Hannibal’s hips in his hands, thumbs rubbing over the waistband of his trousers. “Disturbing. Gruesome.”

“Dear Will,” Hannibal’s eyes were unmistakably fond, “are you reciting our vows?”

Will ducked his head on a low chuckle, curls shaking. Hannibal ran an affectionate hand through them, catching at the tail end to finger the line of his jaw and tuck a finger underneath his chin.

“You are remarkable,” Hannibal said.

Will rested their foreheads together, exhaling a happy sigh.

“No. *We* are remarkable.”

The Tyler-Raitt Confusion

Chapter Summary

> An introduction: consider this the obligatory soft-AU set circa Season 1 where Will has been invited to a reunion/wedding/event and Hannibal has taken it upon himself to pretend to be Will's date/boyfriend. We join them now on the dance floor as dear Hannibal reveals his pièce de résistance .

"I'm going to kiss you now."

Will didn't even have time to sputter out a response before Hannibal dipped him low and did just that. His lips were soft and persuasive, fitting neatly with Will's in that just-too-perfect way that sent a dusting of goosebumps up his neck.

Too quickly, they were parted. Hannibal was watching him, eyes hooded. His palm was splayed across the curve of Will's lower back and he licked his lips. Will didn't even register that his arms were looped around Hannibal's neck until he felt a hand at his elbow. Hannibal pulled him back up to stand, but kept them pressed together, close and warm.

"Are they watching?" Hannibal murmured into his ear.

"Whuh - I -" Will gave a cursory glance around the room, and indeed the majority of eyes were on him. He swallowed thickly and nodded, eyes on Hannibal's mouth.

"Good," Hannibal said, "In the words of Bonnie Tyler, let's give them something to talk about."

One broad hand cupped Will's face, thumbing open Will's jaw, just barely stroking the swell of his lower lip. Will's fingers tightened at Hannibal's nape, breathless and waiting.

Slowly, Hannibal descended.

"Bonnie Raitt."

Millimeters from Will's mouth, Hannibal paused. "What was that?"

"Bonnie Raitt sang *Something to Talk About*," Will said. He could feel Hannibal breathing hot against him. "Not Bonnie Tyler."

"Oh. Thank you for the clarification." Hannibal smiled and the curve of it drove a hot stab of heat into Will's body.

Will could feel himself trembling. "You're welcome."

“However, I should point out," Hannibal grazed their noses together and Will’s eyes drifted closed, ”*I don’t fucking care*.“

The unexpected expletive spiked a current of arousal straight up Will’s spine and he moaned aloud, almost too loud, except the sound was instantly swallowed by Hannibal’s mouth.

He kissed like a thunderstorm, heady and hot and insistent. Lightning licked through Will and he shuddered, clutching for life as he threaded his fingers through Hannibal’s hair. Hannibal stroked along the seam of Will’s lips with his tongue, opening him and licking into the softness of his mouth. Every glide and twist was greedy and devouring and Will succumbed entirely, boneless in Hannibal’s arms save for the grip he had around his neck. He could barely breathe, bolts of thunder rolling through him and pooling liquid lust in his belly. Hannibal was making little growling sounds as he kissed him, wanton rumbles that sparked crackling pathways under Will’s skin.

Hannibal’s hands grabbed at Will’s waist, rumpling the ill-fitting suit near enough to tearing, fistfuls of fabric rending in his hands. They were pressed so tight together Will could feel Hannibal’s heart hammering against his ribs, notching itself into a syncopated rhythm with Will’s own. His lungs were growing tight, an elastic stretched near to breaking, but he couldn’t stop, couldn’t pry himself away from this wonderful electric kissing that shook his whole body to pieces.

Somewhere outside himself he could see them both, necking like teenagers in a room full of starch-collared adults, and he laughed in his throat at the thought. Hannibal’s smile echoed his, baring sharp teeth that grazed *just there* over Will’s pouting lower lip, rippling a keening sound from him that reverberated through his skull and left him dizzy. Blood pounding, halfway away from himself, he tore free, staggering as though drunk. Hannibal moved with him, lipping kisses over the corner of Will’s mouth and cheeks as he gulped in air.

One of Will’s hands shifted to Hannibal’s shoulder, steadying himself. Hannibal was nuzzling his throat. His tongue darted out over Will’s pulse and Will almost buckled.

"Are they still watching?”

Will blinked once, shaking his thoughts together. He didn’t need to look around himself to know that they definitely were.

“Yeah,” Will said, halfway through a sigh, “they are.”

“Good. Have we given them enough of a show?” Hannibal was *still* on him, dotting butterfly kisses carefully over the line of his jaw, stopping at the edge and sucking wetly.

Will couldn’t respond. He could barely remember his name. He nodded distractedly, tilting his head to allow better access.

And then, quite suddenly, Hannibal stopped.

He straightened himself, adjusting his trousers with delicacy and placed a hand at the small of Will’s back.

“We are going to walk out of here now,” he murmured into Will’s ear, head bent just a little. “If you’d like them to keep staring I can move my hand lower.” His fingertips brushing over the swell of Will’s bottom.

The ‘yes’ was halfway out of Will’s throat before he bit it off.

“That’s okay,” he choked out, “thanks.”

They cleared their way through the throng of gaping faces, Will felt a scarlet flush creep up his cheeks. At the edge of the hall, Hannibal turned them both.

“Thank you for a lovely evening,” he declared, “I’m going to make love to my partner now.”

Will’s eyes bulged and he sputtered out a cough.

“Oh,” Hannibal added before turning on his heel, “I suggest you stay away from the Beaujolais. Terrible vintage.”

Someone squeaked in indignant shock, but Hannibal had already dismissed himself. They cleared the doorway and Hannibal gently removed his hand.

“I shall escort you to your room and bid you a good evening,” he whispered, “I hope I have been of service.”

Will couldn’t help but giggle. “More than.”

“I hope that last part wasn’t too much,” Hannibal said as they trod quietly down the carpeted hallway. Once clear of view, he had doubled the distance between them. Will felt very cold.

“Nah,” Will replied. He rubbed the back of his neck uncertainly. “You meant the declaration of intent to fuck, right?”

“Indeed. You didn’t mind?”

Will chuckled. “Nah, it gave them something to talk about.”

“Bonnie *Raitt*,” Hannibal said with affected authority, “many people get that confused.”

“Many?” Will arched a teasing eyebrow, “you sure about that?”

Hannibal bumped their shoulders together. “Quite positive.”

Will’s breath caught at the affectionate touch. “Thought you ‘didn’t fucking care’.”

“I am discovering that when it comes to you there is a great deal I care about.”

Silence stretched thick as molasses. They turned a corner and kept walking, passing door after door as tension crept spidering between them. After the seventh door, Will stopped and let out a light breath.

“Well, this is me.”

They stood for a moment, staring at each other, the air between them thick and hazy. Will leaned back against the door and ducked his head, mapping the bland geometric patterns of the carpet with his mind, waiting for what might come next.

“I must say,” Hannibal murmured, “for a man who identifies as heterosexual, you took to kissing another man very well.”

Will looked up sharply. “When did I ever say I identified as heterosexual?”

Hannibal’s eyes widened in surprise. He seemed genuinely perplexed. “In our sessions you - you spoke of past girlfriends.”

“Past girlfriends, yeah.”

“And you…” Hannibal trailed off, unable to find another example.

Will smiled with a gentle quirk to his mouth. “And I…?”

Hannibal was very still.

“Oh.”

Will laughed lightly. Hannibal seemed frozen to the spot. Will took his room key from his pocket and held it up between them.

“I’m going to open the door to my hotel room now. And I’m going to go in. What happens beyond that…well I guess that’s up to you, Doctor.”

Hannibal gazed down at him and inhaled sharply. “Will.”

“Hannibal.”

“Much as I am,” Hannibal cleared his throat and looked away at something unseen down the hall, “*intrigued* by your offer, I cannot’–”

Will held up a hand. “No. Fine. Enough said. Thank you for your help tonight.”

Hannibal didn’t seem to know quite what to do. He stared intently at Will’s palm, his own fingers twitching by his side.

“Good night.”

Will nodded curtly. “Right.”

He slid his key card into the slot, the green light flickering as the door unlocked. He turned the handle and shouldered it slowly open, letting his fingers linger at the door’s edge as he passed the threshold.

At the last second he was able, he let the door go, hearing the soft hydraulic hiss as it closed behind him. He hoped to hear a jolt, a bump as the door was stopped by a heavy hand, but

instead the door latched quietly closed.

Will sighed, dropping his head between his shoulders, skirting his hands through his hair.

“Fuck,” he cursed, then flopped back to the bed.

“Yes,” said a voice from just beyond the doorway. Hannibal stepped out of the shadows. His eyes were smoke and flame.

“I believe that was the plan.”

The Cake is Not a Lie

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: *Prompt: Hannibal bakes Will a birthday cake; the first one to do so in a very long time. Will is strangely touched by the gesture*

“It’s… a cake.”

“A birthday cake.”

Will stares at the confection, a small double-tiered affair, frosted immaculately with dark chocolate and topped with impossibly detailed fondant creations, each hand-painted.

“Are those - dogs?”

Hannibal nods with more than a hint of pride. “Your dogs,” he corrects.

Will examines them carefully. Indeed, all canines are accounted for in miniature, even Winston. It’s astounding. He looks up at Hannibal, gobsmacked.

“I can’t believe you did this.”

Hannibal shrugs effortlessly. “It is your birthday. I had thought to get you a new lure, but I noticed that you make your own.”

Will shakes his head in wonder at Hannibal’s thoughtfulness. “Thank you again for taking care of them. I guess that gave you good opportunity to study their likenesses.”

“Indeed. I am an excellent study.”

“So I see,” Will smiles, just a bit watery. “You made me a cake. No one’s ever made me a cake before.” He exhales, overwhelmed. “Thank you.”

Hannibal holds out a knife.

“You’re very welcome, Will. Would you like to slice?”

-x-

“Happy Birthday, Will.”

Will eyes the cake suspiciously. Same icing, which he remembers to be exquisitely delicious, but no dogs.

“What’s in this?”

Hannibal tuts lightly. “The same ingredients as last year.”

Will laughs drily. “That doesn’t fill me with confidence.”

Hannibal cuts a slice without asking. “Let it fill you with something else then.” He meets Will’s eyes, darkness dancing merrily there, and holds out the piece of cake. “I know you enjoyed it.”

-x-

Will recognizes the handwriting on the envelope. It’s thicker than the others, and when he opens it he finds not paper but a thick card stock. Written upon in perfect cursive is a recipe for German chocolate cake.

He keeps it in the back of a worn book in his bedside drawer.

When he moves two years later, he transfers it to a different book. One he knows Molly won’t read.

-x-

“You never told me when your birthday is.”

Hannibal keeps putting the groceries away. “That’s because I haven’t disclosed it,” he says absently.

Will sets down the heavy plate he’d been keeping in the pantry, lifts the glass cover.

“Yeah, well, I figured it out all by myself.”

Hannibal’s back snaps ramrod straight from where he had been bent over the crisper. Will hears him inhale, scenting the air in bewildered surprise.

“Will, what did y–” Hannibal turns and his mouth falls open softly mid-sentence.

The cake sits on the counter, a little lopsided, but otherwise identical to the one Hannibal made what feels like a lifetime ago.

“You,” Hannibal swallows and looks up, “you kept the recipe.”

Will taps the side of his head. “The card is long gone, but the words stayed up here. It was the only thing from you I could stand to keep reading.”

Hannibal licks at his dry lips, tries to hide his shaking. “How you still continue to awe me.”

Will pulls a knife from the block they keep out on the kitchen counter, a flagrant display of trust between them.

“Would you care to do the honours?”

Hannibal takes the knife in hand, lets their fingers brush. Their eyes meet and there is nothing but pleasant warmth between them.

“Will,” Hannibal says, “I believe I already have.”

Tears

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: *Hannibal crying.I mean not like tears of joy when he finally has sex with Will,but like really sad big fat tears and Will comforting him.*

It was Will's fault, really.

He knew he could more than hold his liquor, with his stomach made of iron and a liver probably calcifying to match.

But God, after three weeks on blank open water, he wanted some whiskey. Some good fucking whiskey. Once they made port, he knew Hannibal could provide.

And provide he did. Hannibal had stashed a treasure trove of expensive liquor in the sterile duplex he'd brought them to. Will wondered absently on first observation if their ending had always been inevitable, considering how amply Hannibal had provided for him.

They sat together in the sparse living room and plowed through a bottle of Macallan, toasting their health and survival, laughter growing steadily loud and raucous. Halfway through the second, veins warmed and eyes soft, the mood tempered into something more quiet and maudlin. Hannibal was tripping over his words, accent thickening around the edges. Now and then he would stop halfway through a sentence, trailing off as his eyes lost focus and found themselves somewhere else completely. Will tried to follow, but whatever gates Hannibal had raised remained locked.

He realized then that he'd never seen Hannibal Lecter drunk. It was an interesting study, and it poked and chipped at his own defenses.

He rolled his wrist, ice clinking against the empty glass, which echoed in the mostly empty room. There was no life here, except for the two of them.

"I miss my dogs," Will said.

Hannibal absorbed this, took another too-large drink of his own. He rubbed his lips together pensively, and then something cracked along the restrained lines of his face.

"I miss Mischa," Hannibal said quietly. A plump tear rose up and slipped down his cheek. He looked at Will, his mask discarded.

"I miss my sister."

Will set his glass down, watching uncertainly as another tear fell free, then another. Hannibal began to hunch over, shoulders shaking as more and more tears fell. He wiped ungraciously at his nose, perhaps the most human gesture Will had ever seen him perform.

Silver tracks painted thick lines on his cheeks, and he made shuddery gasping sounds that were entirely too raw to hear so close at hand. Will had barely held onto the road map of Hannibal's mind thus far, but now he'd strayed too far off course to know what to do.

"Do you - should I go?"

Hannibal looked up, seemingly baffled by Will's presence. He sniffed once, eyes red and wet, then he blinked and sniffed again.

"Will," he whispered, "I have forgotten myself." He bowed his head, digging the heels of his palms into his forehead. Will hovered, prepared to give a courteous exit, and Hannibal shuttered out a long sigh.

"Please stay," he whispered, face still held in his hands.

Will sat beside him, waiting as Hannibal tried to draw his composure back together. Another sob tumbled out, then a shuddering pained noise as he attempted to swallow the last of his grief down. Will could see how uncomfortable Hannibal felt, how unequipped he was to bear this lump of sorrow.

"I'm sorry," Will said softly.

He reached with a stiff hand to pat Hannibal's back, and Hannibal melted into it. He crumpled himself small, and Will stroked him, making gentle shushing noises.

"Let it out," he said, wincing at the silliness of his platitude. Hannibal chuckled drily beneath him.

"I am not a child," Hannibal told him, though the petulant tone didn't help. "I'm aware of how nonsensical this is."

Will shrugged, fingers still moving in circles. "I've seen you cry before."

"Yes," Hannibal said, "because I wanted you to."

The tears were still leaking out, but they'd slowed to a trickle, and he wiped them away with his thumbs.

"I will have a wretched headache in the morning," he lamented.

"Yeah," Will said, "I'll make you eggs."

He rested his hand on the back of Hannibal's neck, massaging a little.

“I could get used to this, you know.”

Hannibal looked up at him, bleary-eyed. “What?”

“You, vulnerable. Me taking care of you.”

“Don’t be so pedestrian,” Hannibal snapped, or at least he tried to, but the syllables tripped a little on his tongue.

Will rolled his eyes, shaking his head and combing Hannibal’s hair back from his face. “Well fuck you too,” he chided fondly, and, feeling particularly bold, he lay a quick kiss to Hannibal’s temple. Hannibal looked up in surprise.

“What was that?” he asked.

“Incentive.” Will stood before Hannibal could pull him back, though the backs of his fingers brushed Will’s side.

“I’m getting you a large glass of water,” Will said as he went, “go brush your teeth, no one likes cotton mouth in the morning.”

He paused in the kitchen doorway, hand resting at the frame.

“Especially the person waking up next to you.”

Clean-Shaven

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: *Hannibal shaves Will's facial hair and when he sees his smooth face he's struck again by Will's immense beauty. He is positively flabbergasted*

Will turns his head in the mirror, pushing gently at his cheek with the pads of his fingers. He winces when he presses a little too hard and Hannibal tuts at him from the adjoining bedroom.

“The scar will be worse if you continue to play with it.”

Will sighs with dramatic flair, loud enough for Hannibal to hear. “I’m not *playing* with it. I just want to see what it looks like.”

He squints into the mirror, poking around the bristles that mat over Hannibal’s neat stitches. “It would be easier to see without all *this*.”

Hannibal doesn’t need to see to know that Will is making a helpless gesticulation at his face. “The beard suits you, Will.”

“I know it does,” Will calls back, “prevents me from looking like a goddamn teenager.”

Hannibal sets his book down, pensive. “I don’t believe I have any authority in that area.”

“Thank Christ,” Will chuckles, “I dread to think what you would’ve done to 16-year-old Will Graham.”

Hannibal lets the mental picture wash over him, basking in it a moment before Will disrupts his wanderings.

“Not what I meant,” Will says sternly, peeking his head through the doorway. Hannibal just smirks.

“Not what I meant either,” he replies, “I meant that I’ve never seen you unshaven.”

Will frowns. “Really?” He flips off the bathroom light and pads barefoot into the bedroom. “What about when I got out of prison?”

Hannibal smiles at the memory. “Groomed, certainly. But you’ve always kept some of,” he mirrors Will’s encompassing gesture of his lower jaw, “*this*.”

Rolling his injured shoulder with a grimace, Will shrugs. “I’d shave if I could. Just to see the damage.”

“Would you like some help?”

Will raises an amused brow. “Let you come near me with a razor? That’s a serious extension of trust.”

Hannibal nods calmly at the dismissal, returning to his book. Will sets his fingers to the edge of the pages and pushes down.

“That wasn’t a no.”

-x-

Hannibal wipes the last of the foam away with the edge of a towel, letting the soft flannel drag across his face. Will’s eyes are closed, his breathing peaceful.
His skin is porcelain-pale and unmarred, even the healing scar looks like it had been drawn there purposefully.

Everything about him is too perfect, the ripe bow of his lip, the artfully tousled curl of hair that falls across his forehead. Will opens his eyes slowly, the graceful curve of his lashes serving as the drawing of a curtain before unveiling the fiercest, purest blue.

Hannibal has always been undone by beauty, but this is a level of transcendence he has yet to come across in his life. No Botticelli could compare to this. There is no recreation of this vision.

Looking at Will feels holy.

He wonders how soft Will’s bare skin might be, then decides that wondering simply isn’t enough. He strokes the back of his fingers over Will’s face, first his unmarred cheek, then very gently over the scar. He watches Will swallow, his Adam’s apple bobbing starkly along the line of his immaculate throat.

“What?” Will says, a little tremulous. “That bad?”

Hannibal removes his hand, fingers twitching from the heat of him. The ache that had been ever-present twists itself into burn.

Will’s breath hitches. “Why do I feel like you’re about to kiss me?”

“I assure you, I am not.”

Will catches up Hannibal’s wrist in his hand. His mouth purses, considering, and there is a glimmer in his eye.

“I wouldn’t try to stop you,” he says plainly, “if you did.” His fingers linger over Hannibal’s pulse a little longer before letting go. Flame sprinkles across Hannibal’s skin.

“That,” Hannibal replies with a forceful exhale, “that is nice to know. But I just want to look at you.”

He leans against the bathroom countertop, memorizing every detail of Will’s impossible beauty. Will blushes under his scrutinizing gaze and that, too, is perfection.

“So, not bad?” he asks, charmingly uncertain.

Hannibal shakes his head in assurance, smile gentle and eyes dark.

“Terrifying.”

Milkshake

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: *Hannibal's milkshake brings all the boys to the yard and Will is TOTALLY OK with it! (Hannigram featuring jealous/possessive Will and a certain thirsty scarf dad who's always sniffing around Will's favorite cannibal booty.)*
>
> You said milkshake... things happened.

Bedelia's Malt Shoppe was known for two things: exceptional milkshakes and a specific kind of clientele. Bedelia's silent but tacit recognition of her patron's proclivities had made her shop a safe haven for young men of a certain predisposition. So much so that it was rare to see the counter stools lined with anything but young clean-shaven boys, barely men, armed with twinkling eyes and toothy smiles.

Will Graham was blissfully oblivious of this when he entered Bedelia's for the first time, though all eyes instantly turned to him.

Scruffy and surly looking, with oil-stained jeans and well-worn flannel, he looked positively primeval in comparison to the row of slicked-back hair and tight t-shirts. He tugged at the wily ends of his curly hair and his cheeks flushed. A few sets of teeth smiled at him, but most of their attention had already diverted back to the man behind the counter.

Wiping the trickling beads of sweat from his brow, Will sat at the furthest stool from the crowd, squinting over his glasses at the menu on the wall.

He frowned. It just read 'Milkshakes'.

"Uh, excuse me?"

The man behind the counter turned to look at him, and Will felt his glasses fog up. He blinked repeatedly, focusing the man back into view. He was gorgeous. Clad in a garish pinstripe vest that somehow looked tasteful on him, shirt sleeves rolled up to display muscled forearms, and a pristine white apron folded and tied precisely over his hips. His ungelled hair fell softly into his face, a honey-brown curtain of fringe from behind which shone alarmingly warm chocolate eyes.

"Yes," the man said softly. His voice was smoky thick with just a trace of an accent.

"I-I er, uh," Will cleared his throat and shook off his stuttering, "sorry, could I see a menu?"

The row of young men snickered under their breath. Will bit his lip to prevent his grimace.

“There is no menu,” the man replied. “What would you like?”

Will shook his head in bemusement. “How would I know what I like if I can’t see a menu?”

The young men laughed a little louder. Will shot them an irritated glare.

The chocolate-eyed man just smiled. “I assure you, I’ve never disappointed anyone with one of my creations.”

He leant in just a little, eyes crinkling at the corners. “Perhaps I might surprise you?”

Will gulped, watching as the man’s gaze traveled to the column of his throat.

“Sure,” he choked out, “go for it.”

“Of course, Mr –” the man tilted his head in question, one fine eyebrow just slightly raised.

“Graham,” Will said, “Will Graham.”

He stuck his hand out and the man looked at him in surprise. At the end of the counter, the young men had gone oddly still. A communal breath was being held.

“Hannibal.”

Hannibal wiped a genteel hand on his apron and then took Will’s, shaking it firmly. He kept them pressed together just a little too long before retreating, and the men murmured quietly among themselves in surprise.

Will curled his hand into a loose fist and released it, feeling the residual heat move through it. Hannibal. He smiled quietly to himself. He felt like he’d uncovered a secret he wasn’t supposed to.

Hannibal busied himself behind the counter with scoops of ice cream and various frothy things, his attention focused laser-sharp. The energy in the shop had gone askew, and a few of the young men were now sending curious gazes Will’s way. Will felt his cheeks burn and tried to sink as low in his seat as he could. He hadn’t asked for this. He just wanted a fucking milkshake.

As if on cue, Hannibal slid a confection toward him in a tall frosty glass. It didn’t look like any milkshake he’d ever seen. It looked like a work of art.

“Can I - can I drink this?” Will asked uncertainly.

Hannibal laughed lightly and leant back against his side of the counter.

“You can, Will,” he said, “I promise it won’t bite.”

Will leaned forward and pulled the straw between his lips, careful to avoid the lacy curlicues of chocolate that sprung out of the sides of the glass. The curving peaks of whipped cream

were difficult to work around, but they looked painted on and he was loathe to disturb him. A dot of cream landed on his nose and Hannibal made a very quiet but very approving sound.

Will took the first sip with his eyes directly on Hannibal's. This was a mistake, because the moment the drink touched his tongue, he moaned. Hannibal saw it all. His eyes went a shade darker and he licked his lips.

"Is it good?" Hannibal asked.

Will nodded, mouth still full. He released the straw and swallowed loudly.

"Delicious," he replied.

"Good."

Will leaned forward to take another drink. Hannibal's eyes were on his mouth, blatant and unabashed. One of the men at the end of the counter quietly set his money down and slinked away. Another followed quickly, hands in his pockets and frowning disappointedly. Will watched them with bemusement and drank his milkshake, Hannibal just watching him all the while.

Boldness seized him on his third pull from the glass, and he let the straw linger against his mouth as he released it. He kept his eyes to the counter when he licked his lips, but he was all too aware of the heated scrutiny he was under.

"Hannibal," called a bold voice from the end of the counter. Will watched Hannibal prickle at the clearly unauthorized use of his name and looked at the source. A sandy-haired man with flirtatious blue eyes, his smile just a little too wide. He drew his fingertip around the rim of his empty glass.

"I don't suppose I could have another?" he asked with an exaggerated pout.

"No Anthony," Hannibal said, "I don't suppose you could."

Anthony's face fell. Hannibal hadn't even turned to look at him. He slipped his own bill under his glass and slunk out glumly. The rest of the pack quickly followed suit, the wind summarily blown from the sails. Will watched it all with a mixture of confusion and strange pride.

"What the hell just happened?" he asked Hannibal once they were alone.

Hannibal untied his apron and began folding it neatly.

"Defeat," Hannibal answered succinctly.

Will creased his brow in a frown. "Defeat from what?"

Hannibal slid his palms across the counter so that they caged Will's half-drunk milkshake.

"From you, Will."

He reached his index finger to smear a line through the condensation on Will's glass, moving slowly down.

"Now finish your milkshake."

Will took the straw between his teeth, sucking down another sip to soothe his suddenly dry mouth. He swallowed slowly and let another pleased noise hum from his throat. Hannibal's chest rumbled in approval.

"Bedelia will be here to relieve me in ten minutes," he murmured. "You'll wait until then."

"I will?" Will's heart was beginning to race.

Hannibal nodded, splaying his palm wider so that his pinky brushed over Will's thumb. The touch set off fireworks under his skin.

"You will."

-x-

The bell on the shop door tinkled lightly and Hannibal looked up in hope.

No. Just another lost cause.

"Hello, Hannibal."

Hannibal's stomach tightened in lieu of his fist and his mouth set into a barely pleasant line.

"Hello, Anthony."

Anthony swung his leg over a counter stool and propped his elbows on the counter, chin in hand. "What do you have for me today?"

Hannibal flipped a glass up into his hand and began to scoop ice cream into it, not bothering to answer. Anthony tipped his head in faux concern.

"Oh dear," he said, "did our scruffy shipman weigh anchor without saying goodbye?" He stuck his lip out obscenely. "Poor thing."

Hannibal stirred viciously, teeth gritted.

"Just as well," Anthony went on, "you'd have gotten grease all over your nice clean surfaces if he'd kept at it. That man was constantly dirty, you must have hated it." He leaned in conspiratorially. "Blink if you did."

Hannibal jammed a straw into the deliberately undecorated glass and set it down before Anthony with a loud click.

"Do not presume to think that because I let you look on me with fondness once that I will allow you to again."

He stared directly into Anthony's surprised eyes and did not blink. Anthony, for once, had nothing to say. Hannibal turned back behind the counter and began wiping down the already spotless machinery with deliberate force, steadying his breath and his heart. He was not going to cry over a boy who had already forgotten him. His shoulders trembled with effort and his head fell to his chest.

He could at least have said goodbye.

The double-hinged door that led to the back room swung open and Hannibal sighed. Bedelia wasn't supposed to relieve him for another hour. He really didn't need her smug and icy judgment at present.

"Excuse me," said a familiar voice.

Hannibal turned in wonder, breath caught in his throat.

"I was wondering if you could show me how to make a root beer float."

Will stood before him, smiling wide, looking truly dreadful in that silly pinstripe but despairingly handsome all the same. A paper hat - the kind that Hannibal had refused to accept as part of the uniform - was perched precariously atop his beautiful curls.

Anthony set his glass down in shock. "Bloody hell."

They both ignored him. Hannibal was shaking. Will shrugged cheekily.

"Needed a job if I was gonna stick around town."

Hannibal descended on Will in overwhelmed relief, sweeping him up into his arms and sinking their mouths together in a series of cold-warm kisses, the chill from the casings behind them swiftly melted by the heat between them. Will swung his arms around Hannibal's shoulders, smiling giddily between each kiss. Anthony, betrayed by his own innate romanticism, grinned at the display.

Will clutched Hannibal tightly, and once the fever of their kisses had simmered he buried his face into Hannibal's throat and just held him as close as he could.

"Idiot," he muttered into his skin, "thinking I'd leave you."

He looked up fondly, merriment dancing in his eyes.

"How could I leave the man who makes the best chocolate malt in the world?"

Anthony raised his glass in a toast. "Hear, hear!"

Will turned his head sharply, eyes shooting daggers.

"You," he pointed his finger accusingly, lip upturned in a near-growl, "hands off."

Anthony nodded, only a little begrudging. “Fair enough. I know when a battle’s lost.” He rose from his seat and set his money down. “Congratulations to you both.” He exited with an unnecessary flourish, setting the bell clanging loudly.

Hannibal looked down at Will, positively beaming. He cupped his face between his hand, stroking it with his thumbs.

“You stayed,” he whispered.

Will turned to kiss his palm, curls brushed soft over his fingertips. He tipped his chin back to accept another kiss from Hannibal, then another, mouths gentle and soft.

“I stayed,” he replied against Hannibal’s lips.

“Now, about that root beer float…”

Sashay Away

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: *Hannibal (unconsciously) sways his hips as he walks.Will can't keep his eyes off of that particular motion.*

"What," Will asked with a gentled frown, "are you doing?"

Hannibal did not pause in his stride, only looking briefly askance at Will.

"I'm walking."

Will dropped his pace and let his eyes drop.

"Yeah I know," he said, "but…"

His voice trailed off as he watched Hannibal's hips switch hypnotically, almost in sashay. It should have looked awkward, or ungainly. But of course, this was Hannibal, and it fit him just as well as anything else he had tried on. Hannibal looked over his shoulder with a smirk.

"I do believe you're staring."

Will blinked rapidly, jerking his chin up.

"No," he said in rebuttal, "I'm not. I'm just observing."

"And what do you observe?"

"You changed your walk." He tilted his head quizzically. "Is this part of your new person suit?"

Hannibal reached a lazy hand behind, beckoning with his fingers for them to join hands. Will took up his hand, palms pressing warmly together.

"It fits us, I think," Hannibal said.

Will looked down at their laced fingers. "Okay." He thought of how they fit, how they purposefully presented themselves to do so. Dressed in linen suits of cream with splashes of colour, walking hand in hand through sun-dappled streets in Brussels, looking for all the world like the contented husbands their passports proclaimed them to be.

"I still walk the same," Will said a little awkwardly.

Hannibal chuckled and tugged him a step closer. “Of course you do. You are not the one who needed to change.”

Will felt a flush bloom to match his pocket square. He ducked his head and looked away, the ridged line of his scar stretching across his cheek. He felt Hannibal’s eyes burning upon it.

“Would you like me to stop?”

“Stop what?”

In an instant, Hannibal had shifted his walk into purposeful striding, stepping back into the shoes of his old self. It looked odd and discomforting. He raised an eyebrow at Will, seeking approval.

“You don’t need to stop,” Will said quietly, then a little softer, “you don’t need to do anything on my account.”

Hannibal stopped in his tracks.

“I do, Will. Even if I didn’t want to, I’d need to. I always have.”

Will swallowed thickly, caught in the honest tenterhooks of Hannibal’s gaze.

“I–”

He couldn’t think of anything else to say, so instead he pulled Hannibal towards him, bringing their joined hands between their chests, and kissed him. Hannibal sank into it, a little noise breaking free from his throat half-joy, half-sorrow.

“What was that for?” he asked when Will gently pulled away, still lingering close.

“Another layer of authenticity,” he ventured with a shy shrug. “It fits us, I think.”

He tipped up on his toes and kissed Hannibal high on his cheekbone. Hannibal was very still beneath him, his fingers trembling.

“Walk however you like,” Will whispered in his ear, “so long as you walk with me.”

Tristhad: The Skirt

Chapter Summary

A wee bit of skirt porn for Tristhad Week.

“Why must you wear this ridiculous skirt?”

Galahad moaned, clutching at Tristan’s arm as it slipped between his thighs. His head lolled back, resting on the large oak tree Tristan currently had him shoved up against.

“Why must you complain?” he retorted, tilting his head so Tristan could better kiss under his jaw.

Tristan chuckled, mouth open and licking the delicate skin of Galahad’s throat. “I’m not complaining,” he said, “I’m teasing.”

His hand sunk further under Galahad’s skirt, grazing hot and hard flesh. He hummed approvingly.

“Ready for me so soon?”

Galahad’s eyes were heavy-lidded and he nodded lazily, grabbing Tristan’s wrist and pulling his hand even closer.

“Please, Tris. I need–”

His voice broke sweetly as Tristan encircled him in one large first. Both were panting heavily, aiming sloppy kisses that landed on corners of mouths and cheeks. Tristan’s hand moved in smooth strokes over Galahad’s cock, his knuckles wetting with his lover’s eagerness. Galahad began to tremble, burying his face in Tristan’s neck as his hips bucked helplessly.

“Look at you,” Tristan said, voice gravelly as his hand moved faster under the skirt, slick and wet. “My beautiful soldier. No one else can do this to you, can they?”

“S-shut up,” Galahad replied, his words slurred and honey-thick.

Tristan smiled fondly and ducked his head to bite Galahad’s collarbone. Galahad cried out, fingers digging into Tristan’s neck and bicep.

“Oh! Oh fuck, Tris, I’m so–”

“Galahad! Tristan! Where in the bloody hell are you?”

They both stopped moving immediately, Tristan crowding Galahad between his arms as they pressed themselves flat against the bark of the tree. Tristan's hand was still gripping Galahad firmly, who whined piteously. He threw his free palm over the younger man's mouth and sent him a warning look.

"Quiet, or I'll spank you through your skirt."

Galahad narrowed his eyes and bit down sharply. Tristan did not make a sound, only inhaled quickly through his nose, cheek twitching as he swallowed the pain. His eyes flashed in return, and he raised an eyebrow and squeezed Galahad. Hard.

Galahad came instantly, copious and hot, his teeth still fixed into the meat of Tristan's palm as a low moan rumbled in his throat.

"Galahad?" Gawain's voice was coming closer, leaves and brush crunching underfoot. Swiftly, Tristan dropped to his knees, grabbing a handful of leaves and wiping away as much come as he could. Eyes flashing, he peeked up at Galahad, waggled his eyebrows and ducked his head underneath the skirt to give one long lick up his spent and sensitive cock. Galahad's eyes rolled up into his head.

Tristan stood with a pleased grin, adjusted himself and grabbed his lover by the elbow. Galahad gripped onto Tristan's shoulder, his legs still a little rubbery.

"We're coming!" Tristan called out, then quietly into Galahad's ear. "Skirt has it uses after all."

"Shut up," Galahad hissed, but his satisfied smile shone clearly. He leaned on Tristan as they walked and reached down to grope him through his trousers. Tristan squeaked.

"I think you owe me a spanking,Tris." Galahad dropped a brief kiss on the older man's cheek, then darted quickly away. "I'll see you in my tent after dinner."

Tristan just watched him, hand on his face, heart in his throat, and eyes rapt on that impossibly short skirt.

Climb

Chapter Summary

A StrangePath ficlet in celebration of this new, weird ship.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You are more than this.

Cal sits ramrod straight on his barstool, fingers held steepled on the stained countertop.

The bartender eyes him and the glass of scotch sitting idle between them.

“You gonna drink that?”

Cal stares at the still-full glass, unblinking. One finger twitches.

You are more than your transgressions.

“My hands wouldn’t burn,” he says under his breath. The bartender frowns and shakes his head.

“Whatever, man.” He rubs a hand on his bristled cheek, leaving it to trail through the air, dismissing the tightly wound man with a sotto voce ‘weirdo’ and turning over his shoulder.

Eyes still on the dark amber liquid in front of him, Cal purses his lips. He inhales loudly through his nose, short and sharp.

“What did you call me?"

The bartender only half-looks back, his shoulders sunk in weariness.

"Hey, I don’t care what you fuckin’ do,” the bartender says, a lifetime of deflating brawls brokering easy peace in his tone, “you paid for the drink, sit here until you wanna drink it.”

Cal’s hands clasp and snap together into one large fist.

“I don’t want to drink it.”

He releases his hand and reaches inside his collar to finger at the necklace that he never takes off. Except for –

No, never, that wasn't you, it was her, she made you –

A sudden flash of light pulses through the smudged windows of the bar. The grizzled men sitting nearby look up, grumble about 'stupid fucking kids', and return to their beers.

Then the screaming starts.

Cal stands up.

Another flash of light, but there's something off about it, warped, as though it were coming through a kaleidoscope.

Cal takes a step forward.

"Hey man, I don't think you should–"

Cal raises a flat palm without looking behind. "Shut the fuck up."

The screams are growing discordant, and there is another sound behind them. Something glorious, like a church organ but monstrously bigger.

The bar door blasts open and off its hinges, fractured golden light spilling in. Cal dodges it, unharmed, hears the yells as it smacks the bar's inhabitants in the face, hears the wet sound of broken noses.

The light pours over him, wrapping tendrils that curl over his arms drag him forward. Cal goes.

He is pulled out into the street, and there before him stands a man dressed in plain brown robes, silver hair swept back from his face. His eyes are black, or purple, - no - they are *galaxies*, the very center of them swirling with stars. The man beckons with one arm and Cal is lifted from his feet, hurtling toward him.
The light is winding around the man too, dividing in on itself and bursting into intricate patterns that cast a halo over them both. Cal realizes from somewhere distant that his face is wet with tears. Or is it stardust? He can't know.

Gently, he is set to his feet. The man just stares at him, head tilted slightly. Cal feels as though he is being tested, but for what he isn't sure. He just knows that his life depends on passing it.

Then, the man with galaxies in his eyes smiles, an alien warmth spilling out of him.

"Cal," he says, "I have been waiting for you."

He reaches into Cal's chest and begins to pull out threads of light. Cal gasps at the sensation, his nerves and skin aflame but no pain. It feels incredible, better than any touch he's ever experienced. Between them, the man moulds and knits together the strands of light. A ladder

forms.

“Climb,” the man says.

Cal reaches out with one trembling hand. He touches the ladder. It does not burn.

He begins to climb.

Chapter End Notes

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Baby III

“Hey, baby, did you remember to get milk from the store?”

Silence. Will walked around the kitchen counter.

“Baby?”

A vexed face poked out from behind the refrigerator door.

“I have a name, Will.” Hannibal’s voice was unusually clipped.

Will blinked owlishly. “Uh, yeah, I - I know that.”

Hannibal returned his attention to the fridge’s contents. “Good. Then use it. And yes, I did get milk. Even though you didn’t put it on the list.”

Will frowned. “Sure I did.”

“No,” Hannibal retorted, “you didn’t. And neither did you clean the back garden of the dogs’… leavings. So I did. Again.”

He was being quantifiably… bitchy. Will took a hold of the fridge handle and shut it forcefully in front of Hannibal’s face. Hannibal made an exaggerated sound of annoyance.

“What the fuck crawled up your ass?”

Hannibal refused to meet his eyes, folding his arms over his chest in stubborn petulance.

“Hannibal.”

Will reached for him, curling a hand over his arm. “If you want me to stop the pet names, I’ll stop. But… this? Whatever it is, you’re being ridiculous.”

“Exactly,” Hannibal replied. “Ridiculous. All of this.” He waved his arms in the general vicinity of their home. “Domestic life was never quite my style.”

Will couldn’t help but laugh a little. “I haven’t heard you complain.” He trailed a little lower, pleased when Hannibal instinctively leaned into him.

“That, I do not mind.” The quiet rumble of pleasure that sounded in Hannibal’s throat was positively intoxicating.

“Then, what is it?” Will murmured, tilting his chin to kiss the underside of Hannibal’s jaw.

“I thought we would also be… pursuing other mutual interests.”

Will’s mouth stopped at Hannibal’s ear and he closed his eyes.

“You mean killing people.”

Hannibal nodded. Will cleared a little space between them.

“I didn’t know you were still missing that,” he said quietly.

“I don’t miss it. I miss how it felt to do it with you.” Hannibal looked at him then, entirely open and terribly frightened of it.

“Oh,” Will’s eyes were shining, “baby…” Hannibal did not flinch at the term, just reached out one tentative hand.

“I shouldn’t have snapped,” he said by way of apology, “I’m quite content in my life with you.”

Will allowed himself to be drawn into Hannibal’s arms, resting his head over his heart. “It’s more than I could have hoped,” Will heard him say. He rubbed his cheek on the softness of his cashmere.

“Baby,” Will murmured, “are you asking me to be your Murder Husband?”

Hannibal went stiff underneath him, Will could feel his heart picking up speed.

“And if I was?”

Will smiled, turning to look up at him. His blue eyes had gone dark with unlocked secrets.

“All you had to do was ask.”

Hannibal’s breath hitched audibly in his throat.

“I - oh -” then he bent to kiss Will, hungry and enthralled.

“New rules,” Will said between kisses, “I pick them. And no plastic suits.”

Hannibal made a disagreeable noise under Will’s roving lips.

“No,” Will insisted, “there are other *more sensible* ways to hide your DNA.”

Seizing him tight around the waist, Hannibal growled in a pleased sort of acquiescence.

“Very well. But I will be using the term Murder Husband frequently about the house from now on.”

Will groaned, but it transformed itself quickly into laughter. “Fine,” he giggled, “pookie.”

Hannibal growled again.

“What? We’re branching out. I always thought sweetie would sound good on - *ahhh hey*!”

Swung over Hannibal's shoulder and spanked on the ass for good measure, Will thumped him on the back in protestation.

"What are you doing?"

Will didn't have to look at Hannibal's face to see the predatory grin forming.

"Consummating our marriage."

Nightmare

Chapter Summary

Prompt:
Post-fall Will waking from a nightmare. How would Hannibal react?

Will bolted upright in bed, drenched in sweat, a scream half-hanging from his throat. Beside him, Hannibal shot up instantly and flipped on the light, hands gripping Will's shoulders and searching his still-focusing eyes. Will panted harshly.

Hannibal held the back of his hand to Will's forehead. "The fall or the kitchen?"

"Kitchen," Will choked out, "then drowning."

"Oh dear. Come." Hannibal kicked back the covers and held his arms open. Will went without hesitation, crawling half into Hannibal's lap and curling his knees into his chest. He was still trembling a little, and Hannibal ran soothing hands up and down his back.

"Thanks," Will murmured, nuzzling his face into the soft fluff on Hannibal's chest. He extended one tucked-in elbow, then the other, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's neck.

"This one was different," Hannibal said. It wasn't a question.

Will nodded. "You said something," he murmured quietly.

"Mm? What?"

Will didn't reply. Hannibal prodded him gently.

"What did I say, Will?"

Will notched his head under Hannibal's chin, fingers absently stroking the nape of his neck.

"I love you."

Hannibal stiffened beneath him.

"I said this in your nightmare? Or are you making a declaration?"

Will bit his lip and a flush stole over his cheeks. Hannibal could feel it warming his skin.

"Nightmare," he replied. Hannibal tried to shrug off the sting. Will let out a hitching breath. "Only when you said it, you started bleeding."

“Ah.”

“And you wouldn’t stop. Every time you said it, a new wound opened up.” Will gripped him tighter as he started to shake again. “You just kept talking until the blood was bubbling out of your throat and you couldn’t really speak, only you kept saying it anyway and it was just pouring out, everywhere until it filled the room and I was drowning, choking, I couldn’t–”

“Breathe, Will.”

Will obeyed, inhaling deeply and closing his eyes. He exhaled slowly, repeating the pattern until the shaking began to subside. Hannibal just kept running his fingers up and down Will’s back, slipping occasionally to twist into his hair.

“I shan’t insult you by offering to translate this.”

Will laughed, a low and halting rumble. “Thanks.”

They lay there together until Will’s limbs began to cramp. Slowly, he extended each leg in a vibrating stretch, then uncurled himself entirely to roll onto his side, facing away. Hannibal turned with him, eyes intent on the back of Will’s head.

“Would you look at me, please?”

One hand clenched into a tense fist and then released. Will turned over his shoulder, meeting his gaze half on.

“Properly,” Hannibal nudged.

Will flopped over onto his back, scrubbing a hand over the flecks of bristle on his face. He blinked a few times and then looked at Hannibal with surprisingly fearful eyes. Hannibal opened his mouth.

“Wait,” Will said. He twisted himself so they were facing each other fully, his knees pressed into Hannibal’s thigh.

“I – uh, I lo–” The words stopped and swelled thick on his tongue, lodging stubbornly. Will grimaced.

Hannibal smiled and cupped his cheek. “And I, you,” he said, and kissed him. He withdrew briefly to gesture to his clean and wound-free skin. “See?”

Lips tingling and curved into a bashful sort of smirk, Will nodded.

“Yeah,” he replied, splaying a hand over Hannibal’s collarbone, “but you didn’t actually *say* it.”

Hannibal bit his tongue on the barb of his retort, instead taking up Will’s hand and placing a kiss on the inside of his wrist.

“Would you like me to?” The words rumbled from his lips directly into Will’s pulse. Will shook his head, curls scattering over his eyes.

“Save it for a special occasion,” he suggested, “I’ll save mine for a normal day.”

“We don’t have normal days, Will.”

“Sure we do.” Will snuggled back into the pillows and fit himself along Hannibal’s side, throwing a leg over his hip for good measure. “Yesterday was normal.”

Hannibal slung an arm around Will’s shoulders, his brow folding into a puzzled frown. “We gutted a bank manager yesterday.”

“See? Normal.”

Hannibal laughed in pleasant surprise. “Of course.”

Will squirmed and adjusted his limbs until they were perfectly slotted together, laying one palm over Hannibal’s heart. Hannibal pulled the covers over them both, tucking the duvet neatly around Will’s shoulders. He reached to switch off his bedside light then placed his larger hand over Will’s, rubbing a thumb across his knuckles as he slid himself back into slumber.

When Hannibal’s breathing grew shallow and even, Will turned his face into the crook of his neck. His lips moved gently over his skin, forming the same words over and over again, hidden by the dark. Hannibal’s mouth twitched just slightly at the corners and he squeezed Will’s hand.

Met Gala

“I’m not going to say it again.”

Hannibal not-so-discreetly pouts from his armchair. It’s the third time he’s brought it up, and the third time he’s been denied. Will catches his displeased moue, accompanied by the tiniest of nose twitches, and huffs out a laugh.

“Don’t be pissy.”

The crease of Hannibal’s frown deepens. “I am not pissy.”

“Say that to me again with a smile on your face.”

Standing from his armchair and delicately brushing the lines of his tailored cream slacks, Hannibal’s mouth remains downturned.

“You cannot expect me to smile when you so willfully deny me.”

Will quirks his lips, tries to tamp down the grin. “Your puns are terrible.”

Hannibal groans quietly in exasperation. “That wasn’t - you know very well -” Trailing off impotently, he moves around Will to get the kitchen, giving him a purposefully wide berth. Will turns with him and watches him with unabashed hunger.

“Your ass looks good in those pants.”

Hannibal snorts mirthlessly. Will can almost hear the nose twitch.

“Don’t try and mollify me.”

“I’m not,” Will says softly, and suddenly his arms have slunk around Hannibal’s waist, quiet and sinuous as a cat. Hannibal sets down the coffee he’s pouring and moves to pry Will free.

He finds, once his hand touches Will’s, that he simply can’t. Instead, he interlocks their fingers, leans back just a touch so he can better feel Will’s cheek pressed into the slope of his back.

“Why won’t you dance with me?” Hannibal asks. He filters out his hurt as best he can, though a few grains slip through and rasp the edges of his voice.

“Baby,” Will replies, his voice muffled, “I never said I wouldn’t dance with you.”

From behind, he begins to sway the two of them gently together. It isn’t much, but it doesn’t take much these days to send Hannibal’s breath hitching high in his throat. Will loves the sound it makes.

He turns in Will's hands, arranges their hands and palms just so, catching his reluctant partner about the waist.

"Then let me teach you," Hannibal says with a gentle smile.

Will tuts, disentangles himself, and steals Hannibal's coffee along the way.

"Nah," he says casually, "I'd rather just wing it."

Instantly deflating, Hannibal pours himself another cup, unsurprised at how bitter it suddenly tastes.

-x-

The event Hannibal has gained them entry to is extravagant to say the least. Crowded and stuffed full of enough stratospherically-high-profile attendees to make the two of them completely unnoticed. The gowns are the talk of the evening, and men in tuxedoes are a dime a dozen.

It is perhaps, a little foolish to venture into New York City, but the Met Gala must be seen to be believed. And once they see a beautiful statuesque blonde in a pale blue gown that glows from within as if lit by stardust, they relax in the knowledge that their anonymity this evening is virtually guaranteed. They follow her in at a safe distance, knowing no one is interested in taking their picture when they're in the vicinity of a veritable Cinderella.

Once inside the ballroom, Hannibal hands them elegant flutes of champagne, his eyes spice-warm. They toast quietly in a corner, watching the elite fawn over each other's couture with loud gasps, turning instinctively towards the sound of flashbulbs. Will's smile is pleased and tucked full of secrets, and he leans over and kisses Hannibal lushly, just because he can. And, just because no one is looking, he slips a hand inside Hannibal's tuxedo jacket and holds a warm palm over his stomach, smiling wider into the kiss. Hannibal nearly purrs, letting his tongue sink into Will's mouth for a moment too long before he pulls away at the sound of a tuning cello.

Melancholy is writ large across Hannibal's face, his fingers twitching over Will's hips. Will catches his chin, bringing his gaze from the 8-piece orchestra back to the two of them.

"Hey," Will whispers, "wanna dance?"

Before Hannibal can complain about their lack of preparation, of Will's general dearth of experience on a classical dance floor, Will has gathered himself up into Hannibal's arms and twirled them towards the music. Hannibal's lips part in gentle surprise.

"Will," he breathes, "what are you–"

Effortlessly guiding them into waltzing formation, Will looks up from under thick lashes and squeezes Hannibal's hand.

"You lead," he says, "I'll follow."

Hannibal swallows hard around the knot in his throat, and one light breath hitches out just the way Will likes. The strains of a violin blend into the melody, and with a strong hand Hannibal lets them both soar.

They glide together like water, Will's footwork and timing impeccable. He looks as though he was born to do this, and his face is glowing with pride and just a little smugness. When he circles himself under Hannibal's arm in a lightning-quick turn he brings their bodies back together closer than before, dotting a kiss under Hannibal's jaw there-and-gone before they move again.

Hannibal is barely able to keep up with him, not because of Will's superior skill - no, in this they are evenly matched - but because of how completely mesmerized he is. Spellbound, jaw agape, eyes filled with wonder, he laughs with a mixture of joy and fear as he realizes -

He is not leading.

And he never has been.

A small crowd has gathered around them, leaving a respectful distance but a palpable sense of awe as they watch the two men move together. A flashbulb goes off behind them and Will's eyes flick to his in warning.

"You started this," Hannibal rumbles, an honest-to-god twinkle in his eye.

Will just shakes his head and dips himself, throwing himself backward over Hannibal's arm, his spine arching in a curve that mathematicians would devote a lifetime of study to. The waltz drifts to a rapturous close and a smattering of applause greets them, quickly crescendoing as Will holds himself at that impossible angle for a few more long moments.

"Time to go," he says as he hoists himself back up. Hannibal can't help himself, he grabs Will's face and kisses him, hungry and fierce and wonderfully warm. Will half-melts into it, clutching at Hannibal's neck and bicep with a moan ready in his throat, but he tears himself free at the sound of the next flashbulb.

Turning quickly from the cameras, he drags Hannibal by the hand to the nearest unmarked exit, then finds himself slammed breathlessly against a wall once they're out under the cold night air.

"Where did you learn that?" Hannibal asks as he sucks marks into Will's throat. His teeth scrape over the tender spot just over Will's pulse and he growls in satisfaction when Will's knees begin to buckle. With one arm hooked firm around Will's waist he holds him up and digs his obvious and ample arousal into the groove of Will's thigh.

"Would you believe," Will huffs, "I took lessons from Bedelia?"

"No," Hannibal replies, "your skill far surpasses hers."

Will laughs in approval. "And also I hate her."

"And also you hate her."

Biting at his lip, Will tilts his head and squints lovingly. “I learned from you,” he says honestly. Hannibal crinkles his brow in confusion.

“You’d be surprised how many youtube channels are devoted to grainy videos of your Italian exploits. ‘Rare Footage of Hannibal the Cannibal’s Danse-Macabre’.” Will laughs again. “I watched. I learned.”

“You could have simply asked.”

“And rob myself of the spectacular surprise on your face?” Will leans up on his toes for another quick kiss. “Beautiful. Never.”

Hannibal hums in delight as dexterous fingers creep into the waistband of his trousers.

“Now take me home,” Will says, “I have another dance for us.”

Bite Me

“I never really noticed your teeth before.”

Hannibal looks up from his tablet. “Oh?”

Will turns his knees into the couch, stretching his arm out and cocking his head curiously.

“Yeah. They’re kind of crooked.”

At Hannibal’s petulant frown, Will scoots closer.

“No, no,” his voice is rushed, breathy even. “I like it.”

Gently, Will takes the tablet from Hannibal’s hands, sets it on the table beside him, rests a warm hand on his thigh. Hannibal can feel Will’s pulse through the thin fabric of his slacks.

“Open your mouth,” Will whispers. The blue of his eyes has been replaced with stormy grey. Hannibal parts his lips just slightly. Will’s ensuing smirk is the flint that sparks the kindling.

“Wider.”

And then Will just sticks two fingers in his mouth, because he knows damn well Hannibal won’t stop him. He doesn’t, just works his jaw a little wider as Will’s fingers slip and probe further. When he reaches a sharp, angled canine, Will whimpers.

He presses the pad of his index finger hard enough to hurt, hissing slightly. Then Hannibal jerks his chin and Will’s fingers shift to the velvet soft of his tongue. He graps Will’s wrist and closes his mouth, sucking around the two fingers and letting his teeth scrape the knuckles.

He tastes like coffee and fresh cut grass. He tastes like the steam from his late-evening shower. He tastes like Will.

Then Hannibal bites down and Will tastes like blood.

Will yelps in surprise. He pulls his hand away.

“You fucking bit me!”

Hannibal thumbs the spit and drop of blood from the corner of his mouth. “Barely,” he says, and he’s right. The mark on Will’s thumb is hardly more than a pinprick. Hannibal’s teeth are just that sharp. Will sticks his thumb into his mouth, laps at the wound, thinks of all the places those teeth could mark him. He groans loudly and doesn’t try to hide it.

Hannibal watches him, heavy-lidded, and smiles wide. Very wide. Will’s eyes flood with arousal and Hannibal pounces.

“Where first?”

Will just blinks his eyelashes all coy and tugs his shirt over his head. Then he claps his hand around Hannibal’s neck and guides his still-grinning face to his stomach, holds their smiles together.

“Here,” Will says, fingers combing into Hannibal’s hair so he can grab a fistful and hold tighter. Hannibal opens his mouth wider and runs his teeth across the ridged edges of Will’s scar.

Will bucks up immediately at the sensation. “*Jesus*,” he hisses. Hannibal’s mouth is hot, so hot - *had it been this hot only moments ago?* - and his teeth scrape on just the perfect side of pain. Will’s dick is throbbing in his pants, impossibly hard from this alone, and he half-sputters half-groans.

“More.”

Hannibal presses his teeth harder, gathers them together over the line of the scar, and softly bites.

“Oh *fuck*, harder.”

Hannibal bites again, and a delicious sensation unravels through Will from the base of his spine to his skull. Liquid heat mixed with fresh cold, juddering in great waves. He curses again then tugs at Hannibal’s head.

“Up,” he mumbles, but Hannibal is too busy laying his devotion. “Up,” Will says again, pulling hard enough to make Hannibal hiss and snarl. His lips curl up around his teeth and Will melts back into the cushions.

“C’mere,” he slurs, his voice all caramel and rough-hewn silk. “Kiss me.”

Hannibal does, with gusto, and Will licks into it, running his tongue over the sharpest fangs and keening from the back of his throat.

“You’d tear my throat out if I let you,” he murmurs, and rolls his hips. Hannibal bites into Will’s lower lip, sucking it harshly after.

“But you’d never let me,” Hannibal counters. He noses at Will’s neck like a great big cat. “May I?”

Will nods, and Hannibal gently clamps his jaws over Will’s carotid. The sensation is far too light at first, barely a graze, but then he digs deeper, deeper still, until he can taste Will’s flickering pulse over his tongue. Will is writhing under him now, making shameless half-voiced growls, clutching at Hannibal’s shoulders, back, any flesh upon which he can find purchase. Hannibal slings a leg between them and begins to grind, encourages Will to thrust into the groove of his thigh as he pants.

Hannibal’s name tumbles from Will’s lips, helpless and pleading. He cups a strong hand under Will’s jaw, holding him very still, and he bites. Hard.

Will comes immediately, soaking a mess between them and triggering Hannibal's own release. His hips jerk once, twice, then Hannibal removes his teeth before he breaks any skin, leaving a jagged red imprint blooming on Will's skin. Will just lays there under him, wrecked and gasping.

Hannibal smiles, and Will reaches up with a shaking hand to press his fingers back into Hannibal's mouth.

"I really like your teeth," he murmurs, then lets his hand fall back heavy to his side. Hannibal drops down, crowding Will between his elbows and burrowing into his throat.

"I'm glad," he says into Will's damp skin, licking up the salt there and giving him a final nip for good measure.

Will pets the ends of Hannibal's hair lazily, eyes drifting closed. "I like your everything," he says quietly. They both pretend not to hear it.

End Notes

more of whatever this is at lovecrimevariations.

Works inspired by this one

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